

THE  
MONTHLY EPITOME,

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

I. *The New Annual Register; or, General Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the year 1802. To which is prefixed, the History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste, in Great Britain, during the Reign of King James II. 8vo. 1000 pages. 15s. Robinsons.*

HAVING given an account of Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, Tennyson, and other divines, who flourished at the time of the revolution, the editor proceeds to British and Foreign History, from which we select the introductory sketch of the late and present administrations.

"In a free government, the state of parties must always be closely regarded, if we desire rightly to understand the motives and conduct of those who are the principal agents in political transactions. We have generally prefaced our annual volume by some observations of this tendency; and in our last we endeavoured to exhibit such a picture of the character and conduct of the late administration, and of their successors, as was most consistent with candour and with truth. We may venture to add, too, that we trust we shall be found *consistent with ourselves*; and that the portrait which was then exhibited of the ministry who for so long a period, and with such different success, conducted the affairs of this country, was perfectly accordant with the representa-

VOL. III.

tions which from time to time we had occasion to make of their conduct.

"The man who presumes to criticise the conduct of a ministry must expect to stand included in the ranks of opposition. Party admits of no medium; all must be unqualified praise, and silence itself is sometimes construed into censure. Though not among those who ascribed to the basest of motives every action of the late chancellor of the exchequer, we certainly did not class with his devoted admirers. It was our wish and endeavour to consider him in the same light in which posterity will regard him, with his virtues and his faults. We were always more ready to ascribe his failures to a want of experience and discretion, than to evil intentions; our censure was directed not by spleen or ill-nature, and we rather questioned the soundness of his understanding than the integrity of his heart. We must indeed see much more forcible proofs than have ever yet been brought before the public, before we can admit his title to the character of a great statesman or a great financier. In his political capacity, we have seen a series of mistakes. We saw a war commenced, to say the least of it, at an unseasonable crisis: we saw it conducted with but little ability. We saw overtures rejected when the most advantageous terms might have been obtained; we saw negotiations commenced at the most unpropitious periods, and when the demands of the

enemy were certain to be exaggerated. The causes assigned for the war varied as often as circumstances changed, and the people (but why speak of the people at such a time?) were really never informed for what they were at war. To Mr. Pitt we cannot ascribe our naval successes. In naval operations, the most incompetent of ministers could not fail, when we consider the extent of our marine, the broken and almost ruined state of the enemy's navy, the skill and spirit of our seamen. In every other instance, discomfiture and misfortune attended every project. We saw a British army disgracefully tread back its steps from the frontiers of France, and Flanders left once more to the plunder of an insatiable enemy. We saw the flower of the British youth sacrificed in a fruitless contest at St. Domingo; a contest, not against the enemy, but the climate; a contest, in which a prudent ministry would never have engaged. We saw Corsica first hailed as a brilliant jewel in the imperial crown, and afterwards shamefully abandoned, with a naval force such as ought to have excluded the possibility of resistance. We saw not the battle, but the massacre of Quiberon. We saw an expedition delayed in its preparations, and betrayed by its publicity, which was to have astonished and regenerated Europe, fail in all its objects, and terminated by a disgraceful convention.—We saw the ill-planned, the ill-conducted, attack upon Holland. After this, shall we call Mr. Pitt a statesman? shall insanity itself extort from us the compliments which are due to an able minister? After the unexampled profusion of his government, after a war which we could demonstrate cost more than double what it annually ought to have cost, shall we denominate him an able administrator of the public finances? Let the swarms who have fed upon his lavish expenditure, who have fattened on the pillage of the people, extol his merits in this capacity: we have never seen them; and we once more throw down the gauntlet, and dare any of his advocates to prove that he ever evinced either a comprehensive or an accurate knowledge of the science for which he is extolled.

“ Under the administration of Mr. Pitt, we were condemned, conquered,

deserted, abroad; we were divided and distracted at home. He had a kind of dexterity in creating discord; and, like another Cadmus, could raise up factions where there would have been none. What has since followed may serve to convince us that he was utterly unacquainted with the character, the temper, the spirit, of the nation he was appointed to govern. We have since seen the people pacified, conciliated, moved with the facility of children, by a set of men new in office, without influence or connexions, with nothing but character and some knowledge of the English temper to support them. What is the charm with which they have subdued sedition, and united every party? A little condescension, a proper share of moderation, a conformity to the constitution, and some attention to the spirit of the people whose affairs they were appointed to conduct. To those who are dazzled by the splendour of eloquence, or seduced by the music of words, we leave the pleasing delusion of gazing in profound but stupid admiration of Mr. Pitt, but such will never be the sentiment of the well-informed, or the verdict of the impartial, historian.

“ In one instance, we must allow, he displayed a portion of wisdom and of foresight, which, we confess, his strong predilection for office and authority did not lead us to expect, and that was in his retreat. He had conducted the vessel of the state to the verge of destruction, and, we confess, we did not expect he would have left her till she foundered. He did, indeed, manifest something like the prudence of a statesman, when he foresaw his impending ruin and that of the public. The continent of Europe was more than alienated, it was exasperated. Great Britain had lost her established character for good faith and integrity, by the violation of the treaty of El Arish, a deed of blood, stamped for atrocity by the sacrifice of the Turkish army; and by the profligate declaration, that the negotiation at Lisle was only entered upon to dupe the people of England. A confederacy, that shook to the centre our naval supremacy, was formed in the North. Ireland had scarcely recovered the effects of the late rebellion, and was ripe for a new one. The budget and

port-folio of the great financier was completely exhausted, nor was it possible for him to find means to support any longer a war which, we again assert, and are ready to maintain, stands without a parallel in its lavish expenditure. Peace was become absolutely necessary, it was universally called for by the country, and peace he knew he was unable to make. At this period, then, Mr. Pitt, most prudently we confess, retired from public business.

"His retreat from office was, however, in the contemplation of the principal himself, only a temporary secession, and he meditated the resumption of his situation as soon as it could be accomplished, probably at the head of a cabinet more docile and tractable than his late colleagues; for the most perfect harmony did not subsist among the members of the late administration. When Mr. Pitt vacated his official situation, his principal solicitude was, to exclude Mr. Fox and his party from his majesty's confidence, for their admission would have been a death-blow to all his hopes; and to this object there is scarce any sacrifice which he would not have made.

"We have been led to carry back this short review of the political state of the country somewhat further than the nature of an annual publication appears to warrant, as some circumstances have lately been made public which serve to throw considerable light on the state of parties at the period of which we are to treat. The appointment of Mr. Addington, we have reason to believe, was made in the manner in which we stated it in our last volume, and on principles equally honourable to his majesty and to the man of whom he had made choice as his confidential servant. Mr. Addington, though he had long exercised a legislative office of the highest importance, was in some measure new to the official business of the executive government; he was without family support, and his parliamentary connexions, perhaps, extended no further than the interchange of those civilities which were the result of his official situation. The appointment, was, therefore, not definitively accepted till the minister elect had consulted his old connexions in the former administration, and ascertained the nature of

that support which he was likely to receive.

"As the British constitution partakes, in a considerable degree, of the forms of a republican government, so, like the ancient republics, this country has always felt the influence of the great aristocratical families; and two or three of these united have generally been able to command a majority in parliament, and wield the powers of the state. The influence of Danby and Sutherland was succeeded by that of Marlborough and Godolphin; the Newcastle party gradually supplanted that of Townshend and Walpole; and, about the commencement of the present reign, the Bedford interest was predominant. As a counterpoise to the Newcastle and Bedford interest, the late lord Chatham, who was himself a new man, formed the adventurous project of building up a family, connected with himself by blood, and adopting, in general, the same line of politics with himself. Since his first accession to power, the house of Grenville has played a conspicuous part upon the public theatre; and, by the occupation of high offices, and the accumulation of wealth and dignities, may at this period be considered as, perhaps, the most powerful in the kingdom. To this family, the late chancellor of the exchequer at once owed and gave support. Their interests appeared inseparable; and while Mr. Pitt directed the movements of the commons of Great Britain, his relative, lord Grenville, exerted a parallel influence in the house of peers.

"Against so preponderating an influence, it was not likely that a new ministry, unconnected with the other great party in the nation, could be able to move; and to secure it, was of course the great object with the new chancellor. The danger that impended from the admission of Mr. Fox and his friends to office, rendered it perhaps not difficult to obtain a promise of support from their rivals; but however this might be, we are informed that his majesty's proposal to Mr. Addington was not accepted till he had obtained from all the late ministry, and from Mr. Pitt and lord Grenville in particular, a most solemn pledge, most solemnly given, of 'their constant, active, and zealous, support.'

"The promise, however indifferently given, was, it appears, differently understood by the several branches; and with all the late ministers a mental reservation seems to have been, that a refusal to vacate their offices, and make room for their predecessors, should be construed into a breach of compact on the part of the ministers. Some branches of the house of Grenville, who probably suspected that the tenure by which the new ministers held their respective situations was likely to prove somewhat more than a tenure at will, seem to have manifested from the first some symptoms of dissatisfaction. Mr. Pitt, at the first, gave them a strenuous, and lord Grenville, a languid, support, till the treaty of peace, which appears to have crossed their views, and afforded too great an accession of popularity to the ministers, gave a different aspect to the situation of affairs in the eyes of some of the confederated ministers.

"In the mean time, the whig party, or old opposition, looked with a kind of astonishment on these proceedings. They seemed as if they knew not what to believe or in what manner to act. The accession to office of Mr. Addington and his colleagues seemed to place a bar to their prospects of advancement; and the support which they received from their predecessors appeared to identify the new with the old administration. Such of them, therefore, as had, for the last session, absented themselves from parliament, persevered in their secession; the rest gave random votes, and made random speeches, without any apparent concert, and without any obvious end, in view, unless the disinterested discharge of their parliamentary duty.

"Thus passed the first session of Mr. Addington's administration; but the preliminaries of peace presented a new situation of affairs. The ministry had now felt their ground; they perceived that they stood firm, and the tide of popularity, which flowed in upon them, gave them a confidence, which, on their first entrance upon public business, they did not possess. A revolution in parties was at once apparent. Mr. Pitt seemed irrevocably separated from the Grenvilles, and the whole of the whig party voted with the minister.

"Mr. Pitt, on the discussion of the peace, kept faithful to the pledge which he had given to the ministry. The treaty had probably not been concluded without his advice and consent, and he gave it his full and unequivocal approbation. He defended both its expediency and the terms on which it was concluded, and neither the ministry, who had made the peace, nor the whigs, who had always advised it, were more ardent in its support.

"The whigs acted consistently in approving a peace with the French republic. They had uniformly recommended this measure as essential to all the best interests of the state; they could not have acted otherwise without saying to the nation, that they sacrificed principle to party; and that, as candidates for office, they were bound to oppose whatever was not done by themselves. The Grenvilles, too, acted perhaps consistently in opposing the peace. They had generally recommended a war *ad intercessionem*; and it has since appeared that the votes in the cabinet of some of the party in favour of the negotiations at Paris and at Lisle were votes of concession to their colleagues, and against their own convictions. The measures which followed the peace seemed to draw the whig party still nearer to the ministry, and to widen the breach between the latter and the house of Grenville. The spirit of the ministry was moderate and conciliating; that peace which they had established abroad they wished to be productive of the same benignant effects at home. The measures of coercion, which the violence of faction had perhaps rendered in some measure necessary, were no longer called for. They were suffered to die a natural death, and with them died that malignancy of party which had given them birth. The legislature said—'Let there be no Jacobins'—and there were none. The mildness of the government convinced the disaffected, more than volumes of arguments, would have done, of the inestimable advantages of the British constitution, and of the fallacy and delusion of their revolutionary schemes. The ferment of party which had previously existed seemed to subside as by a kind of magic. The confession of error on both sides was frank and



sincere: The press became once more the natural agent, and ally of a free government. Schemes of reform were looked upon with diffidence or disgust, since they might endanger that happiness the country enjoyed under the present establishment. Commerce, once again unchained, felt a new spring, and would have revived in all its branches, had not the delays attending the execution of the definitive treaty cast a partial cloud over the British horizon.

"The Grenville party did not perhaps view the relinquishment of measures which they had deemed necessary for curbing the untameable spirit of English whigs and reformers without some degree of dissatisfaction. The constitution was, however, restored, and no evil effects resulted from the concession, for Englishmen of all parties were satisfied. But what we may naturally suppose was most irksome to the feelings of the ex-ministry was, the popularity of their successors, whose continuance in office their conjectures had confined to a very limited period. Mr. Pitt was absent from parliament during a considerable part of the latter period of the session, and it was conjectured that his affection for the new ministers began to be on the wane. The whigs might be actuated by two motives—they must have been pleased to observe measures daily adopted in conformity to their own principles, and they were probably not displeased to see their ancient and inveterate rivals still kept at a distance from the throne. A growing cordiality became every day apparent between the minister and some of their body; yet no actual coalition was formed, nor, we believe, even a treaty commenced, between any of the parties. The ministry, who might before have looked forward to an union with Mr. Pitt, now found themselves sufficiently strong to act for themselves, and at liberty to chuse their colleagues from either party. The nation was satisfied with what they had done, and any attempt to displace them must have had no other consequence than extreme unpopularity to the individuals or the party which should have been bold enough to undertake it." p. 8.

From the Biographical Anecdotes

and Characters take the following sketch of sir Robert Walpole.

"From this period commenced that brilliant era, justly called Mr. Pitt's administration, in which he became the soul of the British councils, conciliated the good-will of the king, subdued the official jealousy of Newcastle, infused a new spirit into the nation, and curbed the united efforts of the house of Bourbon.

"But lord Walpole did not live to witness this brilliant period; he had been long afflicted with the stone, the symptoms of which first made their appearance in 1729, and, returning occasionally, increased in 1747, and the subsequent years, to so violent a degree, that he was at times confined to his bed or his couch. He at length appeared to be relieved by the use of soap and lime-water, recently recommended by Dr. Whyt, and thought his cure so fully established, that in 1750 he sent an account of his case to the Royal Society, of which he was a member. From this period, he experienced only slight returns of his dreadful complaint, which were removed by proper precautions; and in the beginning of the winter of 1756 he had a healthful appearance, enjoyed a good appetite, and a high flow of spirits. But the disorder was only palliated; for, in January, 1757, he was attacked by a lingering fever, followed by an excruciating fit of the stone, which he bore with uncommon patience and resignation. He preserved his understanding until a few days before his decease, when the laudanum, prescribed to assuage the pain, affected his head; but, on the approach of death, his senses gradually returned, he recovered his wonted serenity of mind, ordered his body to be opened, and employed his last moments in lamenting the state of his country. He expired on the 5th of February, in the 79th year of his age, and was interred, by his own desire, in the chancel of the parish church of Wickmere, near Wolterton.

"No character was ever more wantonly misrepresented by the malignance of party than that of lord Walpole. As he was the brother of a minister who so long directed the helm of government, and had so considerable a share in the conduct of foreign

affairs, he partook of the obloquy heaped on sir Robert Walpole in the numerous party pamphlets and periodical papers which deluged the public during his administration. Smollett, blindly adopting the malevolence of his opponents, described him 'as employed, in despite of nature, in different negotiations; as blunt, awkward, slovenly; an orator without eloquence, an ambassador without dignity, and a plenipotentiary without address.' But the continuator of Tindal has done justice to his abilities and character; and the late earl of Hardwicke, who cannot be suspected of interested flattery, has paid a just tribute of applause to his memory.—

'Mr. Robinson (afterwards lord Grantham) was secretary to Mr. Walpole, ambassador in France. The annals of this country will record the abilities of both; and the editor, with gratitude, remembers the friendship and confidence with which they indulged him. Mr. Walpole had the greatest weight with cardinal Fleury, till Monsieur Chauvelin gained the ascendant over him, and then the former desired to be recalled from his station. His dispatches, were they published, would do credit to his unwearied zeal, industry, and capacity. He was a great master of the commercial and political interests of this country; he was deservedly raised to the peerage in 1756, and died soon after. It was the fashion of the opposition of this time to say, that he was the dupe of cardinal Fleury; his correspondence would shew no man was ever less so. He negotiated with firmness and address; and, with the love of peace, which was the system of his brother, sir Robert, he never lost sight of that great object, keeping up the sources of national strength and wealth. One of the most cordial leave-takings which any public minister ever had was that which he exchanged with the states-general in 1739, on presenting his letters of recall.'

"It is hoped that this observation of so able a judge of political talents will be proved and justified by these Memoirs; and that lord Walpole will be vindicated from the unjust obloquy heaped upon his person and abilities.

"Lord Walpole, in his person,

was below the middle size; he did not possess the graces recommended by lord Chesterfield as the essential requisites of a fine gentleman; and his manners were plain and unassuming. Notwithstanding his long residence abroad, he was careless in his dress; though witty, he was often boisterous in conversation, and his speech was tinged with the provincial accent of Norfolk. But these trifling defects, which the prejudices of party highly exaggerated, and which rendered his personal appearance unprepossessing, he was, himself, the first to ridicule. He was frequently heard to say, that he never learnt to dance, that he did not pique himself on making a bow, and that he had taught himself French.

"He was by nature choleric and impetuous; a foible which he acknowledges in a letter to his brother: 'You know my mother used to say that I was the most passionate, but not the most positive, child she ever had.' He corrected, however, this defect, so prejudicial to an ambassador; no one ever behaved with more coolness and address in adapting himself to circumstances, and in consulting the characters and prejudices of those with whom he negotiated. Notwithstanding his natural vivacity, he was extremely placable and easily appeased. He behaved to those who had reviled his brother's administration, and derided his own talents and person with unvaried candour and affability; and no instance occurs of his personal enmity to the most violent of his former opponents.

"In conversation, he was candid and unassuming; and communicated the inexhaustible fund of matter with which his mind was stored with an ease and vivacity which arrested attention. In the latter part of his life he fondly expatiated on past transactions, removed the prejudices of many who had been deluded by the misrepresentations of party, and induced several of his former opponents candidly to confess their errors.

"With regard to his moral conduct, he was sincere in his belief of christianity, and zealous and constant in performing the duties of religion. His private character was irreproachable: he was a tender husband, an affectionate father, a zealous friend, and a good master; he was particu-

larly careful in superintending the education of his children, and had the satisfaction of seeing his cares repaid by their good conduct.

"He maintained an unimpeached character for truth and integrity, as well in his public as in his private capacity. He gave a striking proof of his invariable attachment to his word, by refusing to sign the triple alliance between the emperor, Great Britain, and France; because he had solemnly assured the States, that no treaty should be concluded with France without their participation. This attachment to truth, which has been too often supposed an incumbrance to ministers in foreign transactions, established his credit, and contributed to his success in many difficult negotiations. He was equally trusted by the sagacious Fleury, the cautious Heinsius, and the irritable Slingelandt.

"He was, by nature and habit, arising from the original smallness of his fortune, and from the necessity of providing for a numerous family, strictly economical; yet he was liberal in rewarding services, and magnificent whenever the dignity of his station required. During his embassies, he acted with a laudable spirit, which few ambassadors have imitated; even in his absence, a regular table was maintained, and the same establishment, except in his equipages, kept up as when he was present. He was accustomed to say, that the best intelligence is obtained by the convivial intercourse of a good table; and was anxious to give the same opportunities to his secretary.

"He was always an early riser, and usually finished his dispatches and transacted his business before the hour of dinner, unless he was pressed by urgent affairs. Being fond of society, and of a convivial temper, though strictly sober in his habits, he usually relaxed his attention after dinner, and passed a cheerful evening in domestic enjoyments or mixed society.

"During the whole administration of his brother, he was not only assiduous in fulfilling the drudgery of his own official departments, but had a share in directing every negotiation, and superintended the whole system of foreign affairs. Even after his retirement from office, he spontaneously submitted his thoughts to the king or

ministry; and, on account of his extensive knowledge in political affairs, he was constantly consulted, and drew up memorials, abstracts of treaties, and other diplomatic papers. Altho' many of these documents were destroyed by himself, and others unavoidably lost, yet those which remain are so numerous as to excite astonishment at his incredible perseverance.

"Lord Walpole also gave to the public several pamphlets; and it may be truly said, that few treatises of importance issued from the press, on the side of the ministry with whom he acted, which were not submitted to his inspection, or corrected and improved by his hand.

"During the time of his embassies, and when almost the whole affairs of Europe passed through his hands, lord Walpole was no less employed at home. He constantly spent the summer and autumn at his post, and returned to England just before the meeting of parliament; he was always consulted by his brother, and often by the king, on the current affairs, and took an active share in those debates which related to foreign transactions.

"Lord Walpole was intimately acquainted with the history both of antient and modern times, and his political knowledge was accurate and comprehensive; being the result of sagacious observation, improved by long practice in momentous business.

"He paid great attention to the trade and manufactures of his country, and particularly to those which Great Britain carried on with the American colonies, and which the place of auditor of the foreign plantations rendered, according to his own expression, 'no less an object of duty than of information.' The treatises which he published, and many which he left in manuscript, prove his minute and extensive knowledge of those subjects. There is scarcely an article of trade, commerce, and manufacture, both native and foreign, on which documents are not found among his papers, interspersed with occasional remarks in his own hand-writing. These remarks shew great liberality of sentiment and the most extensive views with respect to the freedom of trade, the abolition of monopolies, and the prevention of smuggling. His

acquaintance with these subjects was so well known and appreciated, that, not only during the administration of sir Robert Walpole, but even in subsequent periods, he was consulted, and had the principal share in preparing many acts of parliament relating to the increase of trade or the improvement of manufactures.

"From the time of his brother's resignation till his own death, he neither desired nor courted any official employment. During this period, he acted a part which every man of moderation and integrity will admire and imitate. Instead of going into petulant opposition, or publicly combating the measures of government, he thought it his duty openly to support them whenever they deserved approbation. When he differed from the king and ministers in essential points, he always privately delivered his opinion, either in person or by letter. Whenever he was convinced that government was pursuing weak or improper measures, he gave his sentiments with respect and firmness, and was not discouraged by observing that his advice was not acceptable. His private correspondence, in this publication, displays many instances in which his frankness and perseverance offended the king and the ministers, and drew on himself the imputation of officiousness.

"Lord Walpole understood and wrote French with great fluency and propriety, and spoke it with equal facility, though with a foreign accent. Cardinal Fleury, alluding to his pronunciation, used to say of him, '*Il est diablement eloquent avec son mauvais Francois.*' His knowledge of classical literature was very considerable, and formed a great fund of amusement during his retirement in the country, and in the latter period of his life. In his letters to his friends he often dwells with peculiar pleasure on the writings of antiquity, and proves his knowledge and taste by frequent and apposite quotations. He maintained a constant intercourse with men of letters, both native and foreign. Pope presented him with a copy of his works, which is still preserved in the library at Wolterton, as a mark of gratitude for obtaining from cardinal Fleury a benefice for his friend the abbé Southcote; and he

maintained an epistolary correspondence with Maittaire, the learned author of the *Annales Typographici*, and editor of *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*. Several of Maittaire's letters, both in Latin and English, are preserved in the collection at Wolterton; and I shall subjoin one, with the answer of Mr. Walpole, which will shew his liberality, and the gratitude of Maittaire.

"*Mr. Maittaire to Mr. Walpole.*

"London, August 16, 1742; King-street, Bloomsbury-square.

"*Hon. Sir,*

"Though I have not had an opportunity of paying my respects to you since the death of my very worthy and good friend sir Richard Ellyss, yet I have retained, and I shall ever retain, a deep sense of those favours which, through his recommendation, you was pleased to bestow on me. I shall never forget the great and generous encouragement you gave to the poor product of an old man's leisure hours and private diversion. I have taken care to acknowledge it in print, but I would most gladly and readily embrace an occasion of giving you some real token of my gratitude. I have left at your house in town three copies of my *Senilia*, two for yourself, and one for your son; for which you have subscribed and paid. As for those forty which are likewise your's, upon the account of the large present I received from you by the hands of sir Richard, I give you my word, that they shall be laid by and kept, and none shall be any where disposed of but by your order to him who begs leave to subscribe himself, &c."

"*Mr. Walpole, in answer.*

"Wolterton, Sept. 11, 1742.

"*Dear Sir,*

"My absence from home, in waiting upon my friends on the other side of the country, was the reason why I did not acknowledge your favour of the 16th past sooner, and return you my thanks for your having left at my house in town two copies of your *Senilia* for me; and one for my son. I have sent for one of them, which I don't doubt but I shall read with great

pleasure in my agreeable retirement: as to the other forty, which are kept for my disposal on account of the trifle you received from me, I made you that compliment purely as a small token of my grateful sense of the honour you did me in taking notice of what I had sportingly addressed to our late good friend sir Richard Ellyss; and, as I expected nothing but your kind acceptance, beg you will dispose of those copies as you shall think proper yourself, which will be an additional obligation to him who is, with the greatest consideration and esteem, &c."

"I find also an Alcaic ode, in imitation of Horace's ode to Pollio; and another, in endecasyllabic verse, in which Maittaire acknowledges the benefit of Mr. Walpole's assistance in correcting and polishing his verses.

"Lord Walpole espoused, in 1720, Mary Magdalen, daughter and co-heiress of Peter Lombard, esq. of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, with whom he obtained a considerable fortune, which rendered him independent, and, in addition to his official emoluments, furnished a handsome settlement for his children. She survived her husband twenty-six years: she lost her sight towards the latter period of her life, a misfortune which she bore with extreme serenity, and died at his house in the Cockpit, on the 9th of March, 1783, aged 88.

"Lord Walpole left by this lady four sons and three daughters, and was succeeded in his title and estate by his eldest son Horatio, the present lord Walpole of Wolterton; who, on the death of the late earl of Orford in 1797, became baron Walpole of Walpole.

"The family estate of Wolterton was purchased by lord Walpole soon after his marriage, and consisted of a small mansion, with landed property of not more than 500*l.* a year, which he afterwards considerably increased by purchase. The house being burnt during his embassy, he rebuilt it under the direction of Ripley, who had been employed at Houghton by his brother, and had erected the admiralty. According to the opinion of the noble author of the *Anecdotes of Painting*, it is one of the best houses of the size in England; and sir Robert Walpole expressed his regret that

he had constructed a larger mansion at Houghton. Lord Walpole was much attached to this spot, and, in a letter to his brother, written after a visit to Houghton and Rainham, he says, 'When I came home, my little place, after the sight of two such noble palaces, looked, as what is mine should look, like an humble but decent cottage, with this satisfaction, if I have not forgot all my Greek,

οικος φιλος οικος αγαθος. &c."

page [20].

The Miscellaneous Papers present us with the Picturesque View of London, from Malcolm's London Redivivum.

"Smoke, so great an enemy to all prospects, is the everlasting companion of this great city; yet is the smoke of London emblematic of its magnificence.

"At times, when the wind, changing from the west to the east, rolls the vast volumes of sulphur towards each other, columns ascend to a great height, in some parts bearing a blue tinge, in others, a pale flame colour, and, in a third, accumulated and dense, they darken portions of the city, till the back rooms require candles. A resident in London cannot form an idea of the grand and gloomy scene; it must be viewed from the environs.

"In the spring, before fires are discontinued, during a calm day, Vesuvius itself can scarcely exceed this display of smoke. It is pleasing to observe the black streams which issue from the different manufactories; sometimes darting upward, while every trifling current gives graceful undulations; at others, rolling in slow movements, blending with the common mass; but when the dreary season of November arrives, and the atmosphere is damp and dark, a change in the wind produces an effect dismal and depressing. The smoke sometimes mixes with the clouds, and then they assume an electric appearance. When the sun breaks through this veil during the summer, its beams have a wonderful effect on the trees and

"\* Nearly equivalent to the English proverb, 'Our own home is the best home.'

C



grass; the green is bright, and inconceivably beautiful.

"London is not without attractions on a dark evening; chiefly so, in the winter, when a strong south wind prevails. It is then that the innumerable lights in the shops and streets send their rays toward heaven; but, meeting with the smoke depressed by a wet air, they are reflected and multiplied, making an arch of splendour, against which the houses and steeples appear in strong outlines. I have found the reflection so powerful as to dazzle my sight, and make the paths dark and dangerous. A general illumination occasions great brilliancy. The effect was very striking in the nights of the rejoicing in October, 1798, for lord Nelson's victory at the Nile. I am at a loss to describe my sensations during the scene; for the light was as amazing as the continued roar of guns was deafening.

"It has been my lot to be in a city while cannon shook our houses, and flames were consuming its suburbs; but the effect was different: the atmosphere over London was a clear light, like the first approach of day; the former, fierce and red.

"The sounds of musquetry and pistols in London were incessant: not so the shot of cannon; each explosion was distinct, shook the windows, and rebounded through the streets.

"Let us now view our subject from the surrounding country; and this should be done on a summer morning before the industrious inhabitants begin their labours. The most perfect and delightful landscape is that from Hampstead-heath, when the wind blows strong from the east. Then it is that the clear bright sand of the fore-ground, broken into a thousand grotesque shapes, gives lustre to the projecting front of Highgate, topped with verdure, and serving as a first distance, from which, in gradual undulations, the fields retire, till lost in a blue horizon. Hence, spread before you, are numberless objects to please the most difficult. The suburbs, as advanced guards, meet the eye in all directions, contrasting their fawn-coloured sides with the neighbouring trees. Beyond them reposes, in full majesty, the main body, with its mighty queen, whose lofty cupola overlooks her phalanx of children,

armed with spires of various sizes and beauty, protected to the south by a long chain of hills.

"An accurate eye will trace the Thames, by the white sails of the shipping.

"Another fine view is from the observatory in Greenwich park, well known.

"Putney-common affords a charming picture, including the town and river above Westminster. St. Paul's and the abbey of St. Peter, with several spires, may be grouped in many pleasing forms from this place. The fore-ground is very excellent.

"Primrose-hill shews the western parishes to most advantage; but sir Roger de Coverley's 'heathenish sight' still exists from St. Paul's upwards.

"For a commercial city, the ground of London is admirably calculated; though for scenery, not so well, the hills being too inconsiderable to shew parts in detail. Any person who hath seen the broken ground at Greenwich will comprehend my meaning. I do not recollect any situation from which London may be looked down on, those of sufficient height being too distant.

"The metropolis forms a noble termination to the extensive views from Harrow, Richmond-hill, Camberwell, and all the hills from Sutton to Sydenham.

"Much of the external splendour of London, I conceive, must have been lost on the suppression of religious houses. Numerous towers and spires were destroyed, and those of the most venerable character. Several attempts to preserve St. John's, Clerkenwell, and St. Augustine's were without success.

"The conflagration of 1666 reduced the number of parish churches considerably. To my taste, Gothic spires and pinnacles are far more picturesque than the modern fashion of erecting Grecian. Many of our market-towns will justify this observation, where, perhaps, three tall steeples, enriched with quatrefoils and foliage, and a fourth an embattled tower, abounding with ornaments, rise from houses and trees in a groupe so pleasing, we could almost imagine we were about to enter an imperial city. In fact, I think London extremely defi-

cient in this respect, very few of the spires being of great height, and chiefly without decoration: I beg to be understood to except those of Bow, St. Bride, St. Martin, St. Giles, St. Dunstan in the east, Shoreditch, and a few others." p. [207].

We also add the Isle of Dogs, and Ruins discovered in it, from the same work.

"The serpentine windings of the Thames have ever been detrimental to the commerce of London; and any person but little acquainted with the art of navigation must have perceived the vast circuit by water between Limehouse and Blackwall; while the distance across the Isle of Dogs is comparatively small.

"The river, too, is much obstructed by the number of vessels moored off Deptford. Those inconveniences suggested the plan of making wet docks for the West India ships, and a canal through the Isle of Dogs. By the former, the trade will be secured from depredations and the vessels from damage; and, by the latter, a short and safe passage obtained between Blackwall and Limehouse. This vast receptacle of wealth will range east and west, parallel to the hamlet of Poplar.

"I have endeavoured to give some idea of the distance saved, by pacing the ground on the bank of the river and the canal. The circuit is about 5640 paces; the length of the canal is 1806; difference, 3834.

"By digging a certain number of feet, and laying the earth taken out on the adjoining ground, the depth necessary for the docks will be obtained. At this depth, hath a forest been hidden for unnumbered centuries.

"The surface of the Isle is a fine black mould, producing rich pasture for many herds of cattle that have been fattened there.

"The strata are composed of reddish yellow and blackish yellow earth, sand, lead-coloured clay, in some instances veined with a beautiful vivid blue, and some pebbles mixed with black mud, similar to the low-water borders of a river.

"Beneath those, eight feet from the grass, lies the forest. A mass of decayed twigs, leaves, and branches, encompass huge trunks, rotted thro',

yet perfect in every fibre. The bark is uninjured, and the whole were evidently torn up by the roots. I have some pieces of this wood, which, when gathered, were of full size: they are now shrunk like a withered vegetable, but do not crumble like those trees which fall and decay in forests. Much of it has been dried and burnt by the inhabitants of Poplar.

"There were elms of great bulk, and one of three feet four inches diameter: I saw but one fir, and that was about twelve inches diameter.

"It was not without good reason that the ancients reduced the remains of their friends to ashes. The incorruptibility of that substance was well known to them; and, as a farther proof of it, I found one branch of complete charcoal, as sound as if burnt but yesterday. Thus might their dust be preserved for ever.

"After a most minute examination of every part of the works where the softness of the soil would permit me to tread, I have seen human bones, a thigh, and pieces of a skull, with those of other animals, glass, chalk, oyster and muscle shells, broken filberts, but no metals.

"I feel it impossible to leave this sublime display of the progress of time, without risking some conjectures which naturally arise from the subject. The first question that occurs is, how happened it that such a forest existed upon a spot many feet below the present high-water mark? and what convulsion could have levelled so many and such vast trees (in one direction) from south-east to north-west?

"Many large elms are now growing round the site of the ancient chapel mentioned by our historians; but their roots barely reach to the bodies of those in question.

"How many ages, therefore, must have passed away before the quantity of soil now on them could have accumulated by the flux and reflux of the river, supposing an embankment to have given way?

"Or are we to conclude an earthquake, similar to that which sunk Port Royal, in Jamaica, admitted the water of the Thames in an instant, and thus swept the trees before it all one way? The situation of the river makes this idea, at least, plausible. It is reasonable to suppose the catas-

trophe was sudden, from our finding human bones. Remote, indeed, must the dreadful scene have been, as both records and tradition are silent on the subject.

"On the 13th day of July, 1800, the first stone of the docks was laid by the right hon. Wm. Pitt, then chancellor of the exchequer, in presence of earl Spencer, the earl of Liverpool, lord Loughborough, Mr. Dundas, and a joint committee of the merchants and common-council.

"Mr. Pitt said aloud, on placing the stone, 'May this dock and canal prove an additional support to the trade, commerce, and prosperity, of the port and city of London, the emporium of the world!' After which, medals of the present reign were deposited by the above lords, gentlemen, and the engineer. The banks were crowded with spectators.

"When this great work is completed, how grand and interesting a spectacle will it be to view the men of war building at Perry's yard, intermixed with the East India Company's noble vessels, on shore and afloat, with the docks and machines for equipping and rigging them, so near the numbers of fine ships belonging to the West India trade, in their capacious mooring! It will be a scene for national exultation. May it ever continue so!

"An Englishman must feel and cherish incalculable partialities to the capital of his native island. When he places himself in the centre of any of her crowded streets, he will estimate her population and her wealth in the busy throng. He will exclaim with rapture, as of Tyre of old, the crowning city, 'Her merchants are princes!' When he frequents her places of public resort, and traverses her parades of general review, will he not exchange the sublime reflection of the Hebrew poet for the not less apposite one of his countryman—

'Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair!'

p. [209].

We close our extracts with a Love-Song, adapted to the mercenary manners of the age, from Miss Watts's Poems,

I.  
"Boast not to me the charms that grate  
The finest form or fairest face:  
Shape, bloom, and feature, I despise;  
Wealth, wealth, is beauty to the wise.

II.  
Come then, my Cræsa, fill my arms  
With all thy various store of charms;  
Charms that of time defy the rage,  
And laugh at wrinkles and old age.

III.  
Come then, oh! come, and with thee  
bring  
The thousand joys from wealth that  
spring;  
Oh! bring the deeds of thy estate,  
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.

IV.  
Still keep, unseen, those auburn locks,  
And yield thy treasures in the stocks:  
Oh! hide that soft, that snowy, breast,  
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

V.  
Thy guineas shame the blushing rose  
Which in those cheeks, unheeded,  
blows;  
Too sweet for me that ruby lip—  
Give me thy India Bonds and Scrip.

VI.  
Can aught with those bright eyes com-  
pare?  
Thy diamonds, nymph, still brighter are.  
Can aught those pearly teeth excel?  
Thy pearls themselves please me as well.

VII.  
Say, dost thou boast that beauteous arm?  
Its bracelet boasts a richer charm;  
Those fingers, too, are lovely things,  
But lovelier far their brilliant rings.

VIII.  
My passion, nymph, brooks no delay  
For charms which never feel decay;  
Charms which will mock thy fleeting  
breath,  
And yield their raptures after death." p.  
[240].

The whole of this valuable work is distributed into its usual departments: British and Foreign History; Principal Occurrences; Public Papers; Public Acts; Biography; Manners of Nations; Classical and Polite Criticism; Philosophical Papers; Mis-

cellaneous Papers; Poetry; together with Domestic and Foreign Literature.

II. HISTORY of the French Consulate, under Napoleon Buonaparte; being an authentic Narrative of his Administration, which is so little known in foreign countries; including a Sketch of his Life. The whole interspersed with curious anecdotes and a faithful statement of interesting transactions, until the Renewal of Hostilities in 1803. By W. BARRÉ, Eye-Witness to many of the Facts related in the Narrative. 8vo. 550 pages. 10s.6d. Hurst.

OF this interesting piece of biography, we promised our readers a few extracts; they shall now be laid before them. The public acts of Buonaparte are so well known, that we shall take those two chapters which detail the earlier part of his life.

"Napoleon Buonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769. His father, Charles Buonaparte, was a poor lawyer; and his mother, Letitia Raniolini, was handsome enough to have attracted the attention of the French commander, the Count de Marbœuf, who, it is even asserted, was the real father of our hero. This is no ways improbable, as it is well known that the French troops landed in Corsica in the year 1768, and that Napoléon was born on the eighth month of the year following.

"But, be what it may about his being a legitimate son or a bastard, it is a well-known fact, that the Count de Marbœuf paid his assiduous addresses to his mother; and that he honoured the whole family of Buonaparte with a parental care. It was through his protection that Napoléon got admittance into the Royal Military School, where he was educated; and, previous to the revolution, he had obtained the rank of ensign in the artillery corps.

"When the commotions of the state began, he sided with the king's enemies, and entirely devoted himself to the Jacobins. His ambition stifled

his gratitude; and the unfortunate Lewis XVI, his benefactor, had not a greater mortal enemy than Napoléon Buonaparte, who soon got preferment from the Jacobins, when royalty was abolished.

"He was; however, little known among the throng of revolutionary men, until he chanced to be employed at the siege of Toulon, in the army commanded by general Dugommier, who, himself, was under the controul of the members of the National Convention, Barras, Fréron, Robespierre, jun. Ricords, and Salicetti. This last, being a Corsican, introduced Buonaparte, his countryman, to his colleagues, and Barras became his patron.

"After the allies were driven from Toulon, it was left to the discretion of Barras to punish the inhabitants of that town, for having admitted the enemies without resistance. Barras ordered a decimation, and trusted the execution to Buonaparte, who then displayed, without restraint, his savage thirst of blood. But what would appear inconceivable, if it was not well recorded and attested, is, that, after several discharges of grape-shot and musquetry had made a shocking butchery of the unhappy victims, a still more refined atrocity took place. Thinking that among the dead there were some that feigned to be so, it was cried to them, repeated times, *pardon, pardon!* Many of those unfortunate wounded, and some unhurt, rose, in hopes to escape with their lives. Alas! little they knew of the wanton cruelty of their executioners. A tremendous firing began again, and the victims ceased to be unhappy.

"Such was the first military exploit of Napoléon Buonaparte, then at the age of twenty-four!

"Still, many sycophants, and, still more, many ignorant people, call that blood-thirsty wretch—a man unspotted with the crimes of the revolution! From that time, Buonaparte was looked upon as a rank Jacobin and a terrorist; and, as such, he was dismissed and arrested by the representative Beffroi, after the fall of the brutish tyrant Robespierre.

#### CHAP. II.

"After the overturning of one branch of the Jacobin faction, for it



had then, and it has even now, several branches, although seemingly mixed into one, the same principles were still pursued by those who were then called *Robespierre's tail* (*la queue de Robespierre*). In fact, they were those who vociferated the word *humanity*!—the murderers of the inhabitants of Toulon, Marseilles, and Bourdeaux;—a Barras, a Tallien, &c. &c. Every one knows that Tallien was secretary of the municipality (Commune) of Paris, when they ordered the massacres of the prisoners in the first days of September, 1792; and that, in his official capacity, he went to announce to the national convention, that ‘the enemies of France were going to be destroyed.’

“Tallien became soon member of the national convention; and, after the famous 31st of May, 1793 (the triumph of the Jacobins), he and the former monk Isabeau were sent to Bourdeaux, where they exercised the most horrid cruelties. Tallien fell in love with the young Madame de Fontenay, whose husband emigrated by mutual consent. It was reported that the young lady held a correspondence with her father, the banker Cabarrus, in Spain, and which was deemed criminal. She was then arrested, and would, no doubt, have fallen, as many others had, if her lover Tallien, who had already gone back to Paris, had not had the audacity to shew himself with a poniard in his hand, and to inveigh against the tyranny of Robespierre and his accomplices, as if he had not been one himself. His attack succeeded; Robespierre fell, though his principles prevailed; and all that, not for the love of humanity, but in order to save Tallien's mistress, who soon after became his wife. Such was the immediate cause of the respite the tyrants gave to the nation; an event which was so much dignified by ‘the glorious revolution of the 9th of Thermidor, 2d year’ (the 28th of July, 1794). Tallien was proclaimed the Saviour of France!

“Thus ended the incorruptible Robespierre!

“Barras then became also enamoured of Madame Tallien, who could not refuse her *kindness* to a man who had so nobly supported her lover in his attack against Robespierre.

“Thus Tallien and Barras became

popular and powerful, and even more than friends.

“In a short time, Tallien had another opportunity to display his *humanity* towards the emigrants landed at Quiberon.

“Soon after, through the mediation of his wife, the powerful Tallien granted peace to the king of Spain, upon what was called very moderate conditions. It was perhaps out of gratitude for such a signal service that the Spanish ambassadors, the Marquis del Campo, the Marquis de Musquiz, and the Chevalier d'Azara, have been constantly paying their respects to Madame Tallien, even when her husband, the fallen hero, was in Egypt, highly submissive to Buonaparte.

“But the time came when Barras was to be the hero of the day, and to pave the way for the elevation of Buonaparte.

“After the national convention had rejected the constitution of 1793, without even attempting to make its essay, they proceeded to prepare another; and when it was ready, they enacted ‘that two thirds of the members of the convention should be sitting members in the new legislature, as the only means of consolidating the republic.’

“Some ambitious men, such as Fievée, Quatremère, Quincy, Vientot-Vaublac, Danican, &c. took advantage of that odious measure, and succeeded to rouse the indignation of the sections of Paris against the national convention, who, fearing the insurrection, had once more recourse to the audacious Jacobins, and appointed general Menou to command them; but Menou refused, having recollected the unhappy fate of the mayor Bailly, for having agreed with Lafayette, that the troops should fire upon the people rioting at the Champ de Mars, in 1791.

“The convention then appointed Barras, who had so much distinguished himself at the massacres of Toulon.

“Barras had already contrived to set Buonaparte at liberty; but this Corsican remained in obscurity and distress until his patron wanted him again for new murders.

“Buonaparte's indigence was such, that a merchant of Marseilles, called Guérin, gave him from time to time the sum of six livres; others gave him



less. Barras sent for him, took him again into the service, and gave him the direction of the artillery against the insurgents of Paris; well recollecting his *glorious exploit* against the inhabitants of Toulon.

"It is well known how Buonaparte acquitted himself of *his duty*, by murdering the Parisians, because they claimed their right of election. Thus Buonaparte found himself again among his dear brothers and friends (*freres et amis*), the Jacobins.

"The marks of the grape-shot on the front of the church of St. Roch will long remain a monument of Buonaparte's *glorious deeds*; unless he should think fit to have them effaced, as he has already ordered to be taken away the post and inscription, put up under a window of the Louvre, on the side of the Seine, by order of the convention, against the memory of Charles IX, who, through that window, amused himself to shoot at the protestants, in the ever-memorable and ever-infamous massacre of la St. Barthelemy.

"Buonaparte thought that there was a striking resemblance between his massacre and that committed by Charles IX, at the instigation of his mother, the *pious* Catherine de Medicis; and his *Corsican Majesty* was afraid lest a post and an inscription should be put up to commemorate his nefarious crimes. That was his only reason for ordering the post and inscription above-mentioned to be taken away.

"After the massacre, Barras contrived to have Buonaparte appointed commander in chief of the army of the interior; and, not satisfied by procuring him such a splendid appointment, he made him marry his mistress, the Countess de Beauharnais, a rich widow, with several children; and who, although about twenty years older than Buonaparte, was a very valuable acquisition to a young man without any fortune.

"The reputation of the Countess de Beauharnais was well established, even before the revolution; but Buonaparte had not the least right to find fault with a woman presented to him by Barras. Besides, the Corsican hero is not remarkably fond of the fair sex; his affections are of another kind, and such as Cambaceres is a great admirer

of. But Buonaparte wanted money, and the widow Beauharnais was rich.

"It should also be remembered, that, after the murder of the Count de Beauharnais, his widow became the mistress of his murderers. But that qualification was highly congenial with the feelings of the murderer of the Toulonese and Parisians'

"Thus Buonaparte, at the age of twenty-six, became general, and commander in chief, of an army, and husband of a rich, though neither young nor handsome, widow; and all that for having massacred thousands of Frenchmen under a Barras!!

"Thus a Corsican adventurer, after having revelled in French blood, found his way paved to commit still further atrocities, through the hands of debased Frenchmen!!

"Buonaparte did not remain long in the inactive, but lucrative, command of the army of the interior. Carnot, who then directed the military operations, was highly displeased with the commander in chief of the army of Italy, general Scherer, who was in an habitual state of intoxication. Carnot thought that a cunning Corsican was the fittest man to be employed for the purpose of spreading the revolution in Italy. Besides, it was well known that Buonaparte would not intoxicate himself with liquor, but with blood; he was, of course, preferred to any other for the command of that army.

"Barras has pretended that he proposed Buonaparte for commander in chief of the army of Italy; but Carnot has clearly proved, in his refutation of the report of Bailleul, that Barras never did propose Buonaparte for such an army.

"This Corsican was at that time so much favoured by the directory, that a select choice of generals and troops were ordered to serve under his command. Let it suffice to mention the names of Joubert, Massena, Augereau, Serrurier, &c. for executing the plans made by Carnot, and directed by Berthier, whose conspicuous talents are generally acknowledged, but whose avidity and rapacity have rendered him a subservient tool to Buonaparte's ambition.

"The campaign in Italy was extremely brilliant, and, withal, revolutionary. Buonaparte attributed all

the glory, almost exclusively, to himself. His secretary, who wrote the dispatches, did it so as to flatter the generals and the army, but still as if all the merit belonged to the commander in chief.

"Buonaparte's secretary deserves to be noticed. His name is known to be Fauvelet-Bourienne. His father was a Chevalier de St. Louis, and he was educated at the Royal Military School, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Buonaparte. When the revolution broke out, he sided with the Jacobins; and so warm was his *patriotism*, that the mother-society of Jacobins, in Paris, chose him for a revolutionary mission to Germany.

"He accordingly set off for Saxony, and fixed up his residence at Leipzig, where, in order to insinuate himself into a certain class of people, he paid his addresses to a young girl, whom he married.

"When the Jacobins experienced a check in Paris, at the fall of Robespierre and Co., Fauvelet-Bourienne conceived his revolutionary mission at an end. He therefore hastened back to Paris, with his wife and her brother, and they lived in the greatest obscurity.

"At the massacre of the Parisians, he again appeared among the Jacobins; and, on that occasion, he renewed his former friendship with Buonaparte, whose talents for writing being very moderate, he appointed Fauvelet-Bourienne to be his secretary.

"In that capacity, he followed Buonaparte to Italy and to Egypt, from whence he came back when the Corsican and other generals deserted.

"When the mixed faction succeeded in putting Buonaparte on the throne of France, Fauvelet-Bourienne was soon appointed counsellor of state, but still continuing to be private secretary to his friend and master.

"He took advantage of the influence necessarily arising from his station, and he sold employments to the best bidders. Nor did he forget his relations; for his brother held three offices at once, in the police of Paris, and in that of Turin, where he resided as commissary-general for the whole of Piedmont. He was afterwards entrusted with the inspection of the police

of Ireland; having fixed his residence in Dublin. It was, no doubt, with an intention of renewing the *fraternisation* projected by the directory in 1796, when an army, under the command of general Hoche, was embarked on board of a large fleet of men of war and transports, commanded by admiral Morard de Galles.

"Besides a large train of artillery, there was a vast quantity of arms for the Irish insurgents, who did not seem to reflect that, in refusing to be governed by the English, they were going to be slaves of the French.

"But that expedition failed; and chiefly on account of the profound ignorance of the French admirals, Morard de Galles and Bruix. This last began to get under weigh with the ships to windward, and which, of course, fell upon those to leeward. The necessary consequence was, that many ships were much damaged, and the *Seduisant*, of 74 guns was totally lost.

"A single division, commanded by rear-admiral Bouvet, reached Bantry Bay; the rest were dispersed. The frigate called the *Fraternité*, on board of which were admirals Morard de Galles and Bruix, and general Hoche, went to cast anchor at the mouth of the river Charente, near Rochefort. — A remarkable specimen of seamanship and naval tactics! Thus *fraternity* could not reach Ireland.

"Morard de Galles is now a senator, Bruix a counsellor of state; and it was reported that Hoche had been poisoned by order of the director Rewbell, at the instigation of Scherer, then minister of war, and a great enemy to general Hoche.

"In the month of October, 1802, the house of Coulon and Co. having made a second bankruptcy in Paris, the *bonest* Fauvelet-Bourienne lent them the trifling sum of about a million of livres. It would be highly curious to hear, from his own mouth, by what means he had been able to amass such a sum of money; for it is well known that his father was a poor Chevalier de St. Louis.

"Buonaparte's campaign in Italy has been so often described, that it would be useless to dwell upon it again. But still it must be mentioned that he was extremely jealous of the merits of other generals.

"It happened once, that, whilst he was playing at cards, having general Massena for his partner, that general made a mistake; when Buonaparte started, all of a sudden, in a violent passion, and exclaimed, 'Sacré Dieu! General, you make me lose.'

"But general Massena instantly retorted, with a happy sarcasm, 'Be easy, general; remember that I make you often win.'

"Buonaparte could never forget nor forgive that bon-mot, as it will appear afterwards. 'Manet alta mente repostum.'

"That envious Corsican was hardly able to conceal his rage when mention was made before him of the victories of the other armies. He would not allow any superior talents to Dumourier, Kellerman, Dampierre, Custine, Pichegru, Jourdan, Hoche, Moreau, &c. and if Berthier had not been his most devoted and abject teacher, he would have said the same of him.

"It was about that time that the directory adopted a new system of warfaring, agreeable to a project of the famous admiral Truguet, minister of marine, who had already distinguished himself by his wonderful expedition against the island of Sardinia, in 1793.

"That admiral of a toilet, for he is only fit for that, sent, to be landed in England, several hundreds of galley-slaves, to whom he promised their liberty, on condition, no doubt, of robbing and murdering the English people.

"But that *philanthropic* expedition also failed; for the galley-slaves were instantly surrounded on their landing, were disarmed, and sent back to France.

"Thus, the English would not assimilate nor associate galley-slaves with prisoners of war, although the French directory and the minister Truguet had made no difference between the French soldiers and the galley-slaves.

"Those among them who were retaken in France were again sent to the galleys, which place would have been, perhaps, better suited to those who sported on their misfortunes.

"Truguet is now counsellor of state.

VOL. III.

"Buonaparte, at that time, was so much enraged against royalty, that he had a particular song for his army, on their march towards Rome. Here is the beginning of the song—

'La victoire, en chantant,  
Vers les remparts de Rome  
Conduit de nouveau les Gaulois;  
Mais leur fer, aujourd'hui,  
Vengeur des droits de l'homme,  
N'a plus soif que du sang des rois, &c.'

"Which may be thus translated into English:

'Victory, graced with a song,  
Towards the walls of Rome  
Leads again the Gauls;  
But their swords, at this time,  
Vindicating the rights of man,  
Are only thirsty of the blood of kings, &c.'

Still, that blood-thirsty tyrant has been acknowledged for sovereign of France by kings and emperors!!

"At the renewal of the legislature in 1797, the scarcity of republicans was materially felt.

"The new member of the directory, Barthelemy, was known for his attachment to royalty; and, although Carnot professed himself a stern republican, still he seemed to abhor violent measures. Many royalists even thought that Carnot aimed at the restoration of monarchy. But he has taken care to undeceive them in his publication of 1798; wherein he completely refutes the charges brought against him, as being a royalist.

"General Pichegru was, perhaps, the person on whom the public opinion was the most mistaken.

"Very few people could believe that a general, and a member of the legislature, who, under the old government, was only a serjeant, and who owed every thing to the revolution, could side with the enemies of the new system.

"But Pichegru might answer to that, by saying, that his principles were more ancient than the revolution, and that neither rank nor fortune could make him deviate from the principles he cherished.

"Others pretended that Pichegru had only changed on account of the magnificent promises made to him by the prince of Condé, in the name of Lewis XVIII.

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" Be as it may, the Corsican Buonaparte cannot be compared to general Pichegru, neither for military talents nor for humanity; and it is only owing to that well-known superiority of Pichegru over him that the *Corsican Majesty* has made a truly honourable exception for that general in his famous amnesty to the emigrants.

" And who will deny that the conquests of the Low-Countries and Holland were, by far, more difficult, and much less dishonourable, than those of Italy and Egypt?

" But Pichegru has no claims to have murdered and poisoned Frenchmen, nor even to have massacred prisoners of war; and in those kinds of exploits he is certainly inferior to the Corsican Buonaparte.

" It is true that Buonaparte has made other exceptions of inferior note in his amnesty.

" The majority of the directory, composed of Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillere Lepeaux, constantly thwarted in their views by the majority of the legislature, resolved to strike a blow that could make them wholly independent and absolute. But, in order to insure success to their undertaking, they wanted to make sure of the disposition of the armies.

" They accordingly dispatched their emissaries to generals Moreau, Hoche, and Buonaparte. These two last cheerfully complied with every wish of the triumvirate; but general Moreau rejected, with scorn, to become a tool in any attempt against the representatives of the nation.

" Buonaparte engaged all the divisions of his army to deliberate, and write manifestoes, signed by thousands of soldiers, inveighing bitterly, nay, atrociously, against the legislature, whose majority was threatened with destruction, should they persist in not complying with the demands of the majority of the directory. Those manifestoes were carefully inserted in the newspapers, in order, no doubt, that all France and Europe should know the dreadful decisions of the army of Italy; and they remain now as many eternal monuments of the perfidy and atrocity of that execrable hypocrite Buonaparte.

" But what cannot be said of his impudence, when he dared reproach

the legislature, at St. Cloud, with their having violated the constitution on the 4th of September, 1797, whilst he was the very first tool employed by the directory to enforce such a violation?

" And the deliberations and the manifestoes of an army, were they not the most daring violations?

" Those manifestoes were brought to Paris chiefly by generals, such as Serrurier, Bernadotte, &c.; at last, came Augereau, well prepared for the *glorious* undertaking against the representatives, supported by *nobody*, and deserted even by their own guards.

" Still, previous to that day, the aristocrats, or the royalists, boasted every where, that they would support the legislature against the triumvirate. But when the day came for their exertions, not one of them was to be seen; and if any among them was bold enough to make his appearance in the streets, he was vociferating 'vive la republique!'

" It has been the same since the beginning of the revolution. The partisans of royalty in France, and chiefly those who had the means to be supported by the inferior classes, never could muster an atom of courage nor resolution. They abandoned their king and the royal family, and contented themselves with sighing.

" Those who fled, instead of keeping their ground to the last, pretend to excuse their timorous flight by saying, that their king would not allow them to fight. Be it so. But if the king had ordered them to conduct him to the scaffold, would they have obeyed him? They wished, however, to disobey him, when it was too late.

" Their obedience was a fault, and their desertion was a crime. Had they stayed and fought, they would have deserved the admiration of the world. If Henry IV had been abandoned by his nobility, he would have met the fate of Louis XVI.

" Their idea, of quitting France with an intention of entering again with an army, can only be compared to a garrison abandoning a town not well fortified, in hopes of retaking it after the enemies have added considerable fortifications. Mark the events,

" General Augereau arrested those representatives who could not make their escape, and sent them into the



Temple. Among them were Pichegru and Willot. Carnot was lucky enough to take flight by disguising himself as a waggoner; and he found, by experience, that it was easier to command horses than to govern men.

"Barthelemy was arrested by Barras himself; who, and his worthy colleagues, Rewbell and Reveiller Lepeaux, became outrageous against the officer who had been sent to take up Carnot, who was already gone.

"Augereau shewed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him, nor could Buonaparte have acted better.

"Augereau's father sold greens in the Faubourg St. Marceau, and he expected that his son would soon be raised to the high station of director, as it had been promised to him, as a reward for his *wonderful* undertaking. But the triumvirate were afraid to become the colleagues of a man whom they deemed too popular in Paris, where he was born.

"They accordingly hastened to get rid of him, by appointing him commander in chief of the army of Germany, from whence they sent him to the frontiers of Spain, in order to make preparations for the invasion of Portugal; the *wise* directors being highly displeased to see the Portuguese under the *English* yoke.

"Thus Augereau was disappointed in his ambitious designs.

"The directors gave themselves for colleagues the atrocious Merlin, minister of justice, and the hypocrite Francois de Neufchateau, minister of the interior. This poet, who had formerly sung the graces and the virtues of the queen of France, sang the apotheosis of Marat, on the 17th of November, 1793, a month after the murder of his once favourite queen.

"When somebody reproached him with his infamous conduct, the poet Francois answered, that he was afraid of the guillotine.

"Thus, according to this famous Francois, the fear of death may authorize and justify all sorts of crimes and atrocities; for it is certain that such writings like his rendered the people ferocious, and excited them to murder and slaughter. The poet Francois is now a senator—*conservator* of plunder.

"It is to be observed, that altho' the two new directors were seemingly

elected by the legislature, according to the constitution, that was only a mere farce, for the triumvirate had already designed their worthy colleagues.

"The directors were so incensed at the refusal of general Moreau to comply with their wishes, by writing and sending manifestoes from his army against the legislature, that they deemed him no longer worthy of commanding an army. They accordingly dismissed Moreau.

"But they considered Buonaparte and Hoche as their right and left arms. Still, Buonaparte was their favourite, and their most devoted tool.

"The fate of the arrested representatives is well known. They were transported to Cayenne, without any trial, from whence some succeeded to make their escape, such as Pichegru and Willot. Some died in the dreary desert of Sinamary, such as the sensible Troncon-Ducoudray, who experienced the same fate that the atrocious Collot d'Herbois, the worthy friend of Fouché, had so well deserved. Alas! far too lenient for such a monster.

"The national convention, after the fall of Robespierre and of but too few of his accomplices, had banished the three ferocious beings, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, and Bertrand Barrere, to Cayenne. This last found, however, means to remain in France, and resided chiefly in Bourdeaux, with a lawyer called Betbeder, or with a broker called Constantin, in whose country house assembled the most infamous Jacobins of that city.

"But this is not the place to say any thing farther about Barrere.

"Buonaparte became more attached than ever to his *brothers and friends* the Jacobins, without which he never could have succeeded in usurping the sovereign power.

"It is true that the Jacobins who now occupy the first places in France, and some of whom voted the king's death, have cunningly renounced their fraternal appellation of Jacobins, thinking, no doubt, that by leaving such an odious and detested denomination, they would succeed to consolidate their power, and to enjoy undisturbed the profits of their plunder.

"They will have no king, but



such an usurper as Buonaparte, supporter and accomplice of their heinous crimes.

"That is what they emphatically call a Republic!

"Buonaparte, forgetting how much he owed to Carnot, pursued him even in his retreat, in order to please the mighty directors. That ferocious Corsican has always shewn that liberal feelings and generous sentiments are wholly incompatible with the perfidy of his ungrateful heart."

P. 35.

We also subjoin the conclusion of the volume.

"The British government were at last convinced that it was impossible to keep peace with the ambitious and ferocious usurper; and that it was highly important to baffle his wicked designs, by preventing him from ripening his destructive ways and means.

"In fact, the Corsican despot only wanted time, trusting that he would soon be able to be the scourge of the only free country in Europe, and had not disgraced itself by courting his degrading friendship.

"These were wrongs which the odious Corsican could neither forget nor forgive.

"His arrogant menaces of invading England, by telling the British ambassador, lord Whitworth, that 'he was resolved to attempt it, though he knew there was an hundred chances to one against him,' completely shewed his vindictive disposition.

"The British ambassador presented his ultimatum, to which the crafty Talleyrand not being able to give an answer, the requested passports were, after some hesitation, delivered, and the British embassy left France.

"The consular ambassador quitted England; and the contending parties appealed to the sword again, after a short peace, or rather truce, of less than twenty months.

"The two belligerent powers published their respective manifestoes; and Buonaparte wanted to persuade the world that the evacuation of Malta was the sole cause of the war.

"But the publication of the official correspondence was a complete refutation of the impostures of the Corsican; and the world was able to judge whether far more important objects than Malta had not incurred

those measures resorted to by the British government.

"Buonaparte, enraged, began his hostilities by a revolutionary measure worthy of a disciple of Marat and of a tool of Robespierre.

"He declared all the British subjects, not only in France, but also in Holland and Italy, prisoners of war. And thus he violated the sacred rights of hospitality even towards those who had only gone to France to see his *sacred* person.

"And such an odious wretch had proclaimed that the French revolution was terminated!

"He then ordered his abject cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and the rest of *his* clergy, to address their fervent prayers to God for the success of *his* arms against those of Great Britain.

"The wretched apostates obeyed; and the ungrateful and debased clergy prayed for the destruction of a country which had given them a generous hospitality during many years, in which they had found an asylum, protection, and subsistence, and which they had only left to become the abject tools of an odious foreigner, the insolent tyrant of their native country.

"The consular cardinal, Boisgelin, who had been the champion of royalty in London, and who had afterwards perjured himself, as it has already been noticed, was amongst the foremost to shew himself the zealous sycophant of his Corsican master.

"He vehemently declaimed against Great Britain, which had done more than preserve him from starving; he excited the French to carry war and desolation into that very country where he had been so generously protected; and he terminated his blasphemies by the ridiculous remark, 'that this was the war of the peace.'

"All the other bishops and clergy, who had been equally well treated in England, vied with each other in their horrid invectives against the country which had shewn them so much hospitality.

"In short, the most embittered enemies of Great Britain were those very emigrants whom she had humanely nourished in her bosom.

"The ungrateful and infamous conduct of these despicable wretches

stands upon record, and affords a strong proof that exaggeration leads to inconsistency.

"Buonaparte deigned to admit into his presence the abject rabble of his tools; and the *honourable* presidents of the senate, of the legislature, and of the tribunate, congratulated him upon his *moderation* and *wisdom*.

"The president of the tribunate, one of his spies, called Trouvé, a bastard of Reveillere. Lepeaux, distinguished him-self in expressing the most unbounded attachment of all his colleagues to the *sacred* person of their Corsican sovereign.

"The *stern republican*, Riouffe, another of his worthy spies, exclaimed—

"What! great and mighty consul! the British government have dared to give you an ultimatum of thirty-six hours!

"They shall soon know what we can do in thirty-six hours, if the winds are but favourable. We will make them repent of their rashness, if you but condescend to lead us, great and mighty consul!"

"That ridiculous farce was terminated, as usual, by a few words dropped from the mouth of the disdainful Corsican, saying, 'that he knew well how much he could rely on the support [*debasement*] of the French nation.'

"The rabble then withdrew, quite enraptured that France had found, at last, such a great and mighty protector!

"The calamities of the war could hardly make any addition to the distresses and sufferings of the French under the despotic and tyrannical government of the Corsican Buonaparte.

"Here must end, for the present, the faithful and authentic narrative of the boasted administration of a notorious impostor, of a sanguinary wretch, of a ferocious Jacobin, and of an insolent foreigner, whom the mixed faction of unprincipled jugglers and debased characters, of assassins and victims, has contrived to raise and to support upon speculation.

"Yet, in spite of the mixed faction, the government of Buonaparte stands upon a sandy foundation.

"Whether the Bourbon princes will shew themselves or not, the Corsican upstart must, speedily and una-

voidably, meet his too-well merited fate. But, by the happy restoration of the legitimate government, all commotions would be at an end.

"Until such an event takes place, France will continue to be the prey and sport of rapacious adventurers; and neither Europe nor the world can be sure of peace and tranquillity.

"The system of oppression which prevails now in France is too violent to be lasting; and the mere recollection that the chief oppressor is an obscure foreigner and a base deserter, *illustrious* for his nefarious crimes, must necessarily rouse the French party against the odious Corsican and his worthy adherents.

"But, without the restoration of the legitimate government, the downfall and destruction of Buonaparte will be followed by new commotions; and there will be no possibility of a solid peace.

"Still, the French princes must not think of entering France with foreign troops. The French wish for their return; but they will never suffer the interference of foreign farces.

"As to the means for bringing about the much wished-for restoration, it would be improper to mention them in a work of this nature. Suffice it to say, that those means are nearly in the power of the Bourbon princes themselves.

"It is, however, highly important to observe, that the inconsiderate zeal of certain writers, far from being calculated to promote and to accelerate the happy restoration, is only fit to create new obstacles to it.

"Their views may be good, but they do not seem to possess any real knowledge of the present state of affairs in France.

"Whilst France is so distracted, the French may be feared, but they will never be respected; they may obtain hospitality, but they will constantly be exposed to several humiliations and insults, without being able to resent them.

"May the French seriously reflect on their present circumstances and situation, and unite in a common cause to put an end to them!" p. 535.

The portrait of the French consul prefixed to the work is the most strik-

ing we have ever seen : it possesses all the daringness of military ferocity.

II. SCENES OF INFANCY ; *descriptive of Teviotdale.* By JOHN LEYDEN. sm. 8vo. 190 pages. 6s. Longman and Rees.

THIS elegant poem is divided into four parts, and touches with delicacy on a pleasing variety of subjects : it is a work of real merit. We transcribe the introductory lines.

" Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful  
memory dear,  
Still fondly cherished with the sacred  
tear,  
When, in the soften'd light of summer  
skies,  
Full on my soul life's first illusions rise !  
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown  
to pain !  
I come, to trace your soothing haunts  
again ;  
To mark each grace that pleas'd my  
stripling prime,  
By absence hallow'd, and endear'd by  
time ;  
To lose, amid your winding dells, the  
past :—  
Ah ! must I think this lingering look  
the last !  
Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest  
view,  
How soft ye smiled when nature's  
charms were new !  
Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh,  
and warm,  
And every opening grace had power to  
charm ;  
While, as each scene in living lustre  
rose,  
Each young emotion wak'd from soft  
repose.

" Even as I muse, my former life re-  
turns,  
And youth's first ardour in my bosom  
burns.  
Like music melting in a lover's dream,  
I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's  
stream :  
The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,  
Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky ;  
While, through inverted alder boughs  
below,  
The twinkling stars with greener lustre  
glow.

" On these fair banks, thine ancient  
bards no more,  
Enchanting stream ! their melting num-  
bers pour ;  
But still their viewless harps, on poplars  
hung,  
Sigh the soft airs they learn'd when time  
was young :  
And those who tread, with holy feet, the  
ground,  
At lonely midnight, hear their silver  
sound,  
When river breezes wave their dewy  
wings,  
And lightly fan the wild enchanted  
strings.

" What earthly hand presumes, aspir-  
ing bold,  
The airy harp of ancient bards to hold ?  
With ivy's sacred wreath to crown his  
head,  
And lead the plaintive chorus of the  
dead ?—  
He, round the poplar's base, shall night-  
ly strew  
The willow's pointed leaves, of pallid  
blue,  
And still retain the gaze, reverted keen,  
When round him deepen sighs from  
shapes unseen,  
And o'er his lonely head, like summer-  
bees,  
The leaves, self-moving, tremble on the  
trees.  
When morn's first rays fall, quivering, on  
the strand,  
Then is the time to stretch the daring  
hand,  
And snatch it from the bending poplar  
pale,  
The magic harp of ancient Teviotdale." page 6.

The frontispiece represents a beau-  
tiful sketch of wild rural scenery.

IV. *Αθηραιναρχομενος* ; or, a  
Pedestrian Tour through Part of the  
Highlands of Scotland, in 1801. By  
JOHN BRISTED, of the hon. society  
of the Inner Temple. 2 vols. 8vo.  
500 pages each. 1l. 1s. Wallis.

THIS tour, embracing a curious  
variety of objects and incidents, is  
one continued narrative through each  
volume, without any sort of divisions.  
Having said thus much, we shall ex-  
tract a singular account of the High-  
landers.

"Why is the kilt, which seems to be a dress more than bordering on indecency, still continued?—In part, probably, from the prejudices of custom, which are very difficult to be eradicated, even in the most enlightened minds; and, partly, from convenience, because it allows full play to the lower extremities, and facilitates the bounding of the honest Highlander over his native hills.

"Some years since, when it was debated in the British parliament concerning the propriety or impropriety of putting breeches upon the Highlanders, the marquis of Lothian, in all the vehemence of patriotic zeal, declaimed so eloquently and so forcibly against any innovation on the posteriors of his countrymen, that the motion was dropped, and the Highlanders were still permitted by law to run about with their sterns uncovered. The following lines were, at the time of the debate on this subject in the senate, handed about in praise of the noble lord for his animated defence of the kilt.

'Each breeze that blows upon those  
brawny parts  
Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in  
their hearts;  
And while they freshen by the northern  
blast,  
So long thine honour, name, and praise,  
shall last!'

"So much for the kilt. I would fain call the attention of those in whom alone rests the power of providing a remedy to the state of the Highlanders, whose noble and generous conduct deserves better treatment than that under which they are doomed to groan and be afflicted. The following account is to be found, if I recollect rightly, in the narration of a journey made through the Highlands by a clergyman of the Scottish church, not many years since: I forget the exact title of the book.

'In the Highlands, the only parts capable of agriculture are the vallies, or glens, and the bases of the mountains; and these vallies having the sun for a few hours only, vegetation advances slowly, and the harvests are always late. The climate is equally discouraging to the purposes of husbandry. The spring is bleak and piercing, the summer is cold and

short, the autumn, from the beginning of August, deluged with rains, the winter long and tempestuous. During the latter season, the people are cut off from all communication with the low country, by beds of snow, impassable torrents, pathless mountains and morasses, on the one side; by long and impracticable navigations on the other.

'To these accumulated discouragements of nature are added the oppressions and ill-judged policy of many proprietors of these sterile regions, exacting far beyond their natural value, even were they in hands more capable to improve them. Where both soil and climate conspire against the raising of grain in any considerable quantity, and where there are no markets, possibly, within the distance of fifty miles, for the sale of corn and the lesser articles of husbandry, the farmer turns his attention, chiefly, to the grazing of a few cattle and sheep, as the means whereby he expects to pay his rent and support his family.

'If, therefore, his farm hath been raised at the rate of three hundred per cent, while the price of cattle hath scarcely advanced one hundred, this method of improving estates, as proprietors term it, furnishes a high-sounding rent-roll, extremely pleasing to human vanity, but which, being founded upon oppression, injustice, and folly, hath hitherto proved fallacious and humiliating to all those who have persevered in the cruel experiment. The situation of these people is such as no language can describe or fancy conceive. If, with great labour and fatigue, the farmer raises a slender crop of oats or barley, the autumnal rains often baffle his utmost efforts and frustrate all his expectations; and, instead of being able to pay an exorbitant rent, he sees his family in danger of perishing during the ensuing winter, when he is precluded from any possibility of assistance elsewhere.

"Nor are his cattle in a better situation. In summer, they pick up a scanty support amongst the morasses or heathy mountains; but, in the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, and when the naked wilds afford neither shelter nor subsistence, the few cows, small, lean, and ready

to drop down for want of pasture, are brought into the hut where the family resides, and frequently share with them the small stock of meal which hath been purchased or raised for the family only; while the cattle, thus sustained, are bled occasionally, to afford nourishment to the children, after it hath been boiled or made into cakes.

‘ The sheep, being left upon the open heaths, seek to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather amongst the hollows upon the lee-side of the mountains; and here they are frequently buried under the snow for several weeks together, and, in severe seasons, during two months and upwards. They eat their own and each other's wool, and hold out wonderfully under cold and hunger; but, even in moderate winters, a considerable number are found dead after the snow hath disappeared, and in rigorous seasons few or none are left alive.

‘ Meanwhile, the steward, hard pressed by letters from the gaming-house or Newmarket, demands the rent in a tone which makes no great allowance for unpropitious seasons, the death of cattle, and other accidental misfortunes; his honour's wants must, at any rate, be supplied, the bills must be duly negotiated. Nor is the navigation-scene more pleasing; the only difference between those of the interior parts and the more distant coast is, that the latter, with the labours of the field, have to encounter alternately the dangers of the ocean and all the fatigues of navigation. To the distressing circumstances at home, new difficulties and toils await the devoted farmer when abroad.

‘ He leaves his family at the commencement of the winter-fishery, in October, accompanied by his sons, brothers, and often an aged parent, and embarks on board a small open boat, in quest of the herrings, with no other provisions than oatmeal, potatoes, and fresh water; no other bedding than heath-twigs or straw, the covering, if any, an old sail. Thus provided, he searches from bay to bay, through turbulent seas, frequently for several weeks together, before the shoals of herrings are discovered. The glad tidings serve to vary, but not diminish, his fatigues. Unremitting nightly labour, the time

when the herrings are taken, pinching cold winds, heavy seas, uninhabited shores covered with snow or deluged with rains, contribute towards filling up the measure of his distresses; while, to men of such exquisite feelings as the Highlanders generally possess, the scene which awaits him at home does it most effectually.

‘ Having realized a little money among country purchasers, he returns with the remainder of his capture, through a long navigation, frequently amidst unceasing hurricanes, not to a comfortable home and cheerful family, but to a hut composed of turf, without windows, doors, or chimney, environed by snow, and almost hid from the eye by its great depth. Upon entering this solitary mansion, he generally finds a part of his family lying upon heath or straw, languishing through want or epidemical disease; while the few surviving cows, that possess the other end of the cottage, instead of furnishing farther supplies of milk and blood, demand his immediate attention to keep them in existence.

‘ The season now approaches when he is again to delve and labour the grounds, on the same slender prospect of a plentiful crop or a dry harvest. The cattle which have survived the famine of the winter are turned out to the mountains; and, having put his domestic affairs into the best situation which a train of accumulated misfortunes admits of, he resumes the oar, in search of the summer-herring, or the white fishery. If successful in the latter, he sets out, in his open boat, upon a voyage of two hundred miles, to vend his cargo of dried cod, ling, &c. at Greenock or Glasgow. The produce, seldom more than fifteen or sixteen pounds sterling, is laid out, in conjunction with his companions, upon meal and fishing-tackle; and he returns through the same tedious navigation.

‘ The autumn calls his attention again to the field; the usual round of disappointment, fatigue, and distress, awaits him; thus dragging through a wretched existence, in the hope of soon arriving at that country where the weary shall be at rest. In time of war, those who engage in the fishery are indiscriminately pressed, without the smallest regard to causes or cir-



circumstances, however distressing to the unhappy victims or their starving families; while others who travel from the most remote parts, without money or provisions, to earn thirty or forty shillings in the low lands, by harvest-work, are often decoyed into the army by stratagems which do no credit to the humanity of the age.

These virtuous but friendless men, while endeavouring, by every means in their power, to support their wives, their children, their aged parents, and in all respects to act the part of honest inoffensive subjects, are dragged away they know not where, to fight the battles of nations who are insensible of their merits, and to obtain victories of which others are to reap the imaginary benefits. The aged, the sick, and the helpless, look in vain for the return of their friends from the voyage or the harvest—they are heard of no more; lamentations, cries, and despair, pervade the village or the district. Thus deprived of their main support, the rent unpaid, the cattle sold or seized, whole families are reduced to the extremity of want, and turned out, amidst all the inclemencies of winter, to relate their piteous tale, and to implore from the wretched but hospitable mountaineers a little meal or milk to preserve their infants from perishing in their arms.

In this situation, they wander towards the low lands, happy to find shelter at night, from the chilling winds, driving snow, or incessant rains, in some cavern or deserted cottage; still more happy, if chance hath provided their lodging with a little straw or heath, whereon to lay their almost lifeless infants, the constant objects of their first attention, amidst all the calamitous vicissitudes of life.

Such is the hard lot of the great body of the people who inhabit one fifth of our island. Neglected by government, forsaken or oppressed by the gentry, cut off, during most part of the year, by impassable mountains and impracticable navigations, from the seats of commerce, industry, and plenty, living at considerable distances from all human aid, without the necessities of life, or any of those comforts which might soften the rigour of their calamities, and depending most generally for the bare means

of subsistence on the precarious appearance of a vessel freighted with meal or potatoes, to which with eagerness they resort, though often at the distance of fifty miles.

Upon the whole, the Highlands of Scotland, some few excepted, are the seats of oppression, poverty, famine, anguish, and wild despair, exciting the pity of every traveller, while the virtues of the inhabitants attract his admiration. The small portion of half-ripened oats and barley which hath been secured from the autumnal rains is immediately threshed out for the use of the family, but chiefly to pay the rents at the then market price. When the spring arrives, and no grain being left for seed, the farmer must raise money by every possible means to purchase that article; sometimes the individual grain which he had sold a few months before, and which was stored for the purpose of selling it to the farmers at an advanced price, proportioned to the scarcity of the article when most wanted. His family also requires a fresh supply, which he buys at the same disadvantage; and is thus kept, from year to year, at the sole mercy of a laird, steward, or jobber, for daily subsistence, at a price which he can ill afford to pay.

This is the general state of certain internal districts in what are called good seasons; but when the crops fail, through a long continuance of cold or wet weather, which generally happens every third or fourth year, the distress is beyond description.—Our lairds (said a venerable Highlander, bowed down with age and want, to me) our lairds do nothing for us, and are ne'er satisfied till they have turned us out of doors without a bawbie in our pouches; yet they are ay poor, and ay seeking mair siller for their lands. Gif they wad stay at hame, instead of dangleing about toon of London, where they are nae mickle thought on, we wad fare better, and they ne'er a bit the worse.

The above account is written by a Scottish minister, who, I believe, was officially employed to traverse the Highlands, and to inspect the state of their inhabitants; and from the plain and artless manner in which it is written, without vehemence or any attempt at declamatory elevation, evidently shows that he has not over-

drawn the picture; to the truth and justice of which, indeed, all who have examined the condition of these deserving and hardly-used people can bear ample testimony.

"Can it then be wondered at, that since such has been the systematic oppression and cruelty shown towards the deserving and unfortunate Highlanders, all those who can possibly escape from tyranny and starvation fly to countries less rigidly brutal, and to less inhospitable climes? Accordingly, wherever we came, we found the recent marks of emigration, in the desertion of the huts and the lamentation of those that were left behind. It was no unusual thing for us to meet with whole families of these wretched beings on the road towards some sea-port, going for the purpose of endeavouring to get a passage to America, where they hoped to be permitted to exist by the exertions of their industry; a boon which was denied them in their native country.

"We saw them move forward in tribes:—the men whose strength had not yet failed them bore the scanty bags of meal, their only means of subsistence; the women carried their little infants in their arms; and the feeble and the aged, together with the children that were able to walk, brought up the rear. In order to form some faint idea of the iniquity which compels these luckless beings to desert their home, we must recollect how strong and ardent is their affection for their natal soil; an affection, which, in the Highlander, grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, which claims his last sigh and leaves him only with his latest throb.

"An attachment to the land of their birth is common to all men. And no wonder;—since every object to which we have been accustomed in the hours of infancy is associated with images of delight. The human mind, at its first entrance into this world, receives its ideas from the impressions which surrounding objects make upon the organs of sensation; but these impressions are almost universally attended with pleasure, on account of their novelty exciting the mind to action, which, indeed, is the highest of all human enjoyments. Hence, every hill, and dale, and shrub, and

plant, with which we have been familiar in our childhood is connected in our association with an image of delight; and all the scenes which our infancy has witnessed are endeared to the soul as long as the mind continues to combine and to arrange its ideas by those great moral laws with which the Almighty has seen fit to regulate the intellectual world.

"But in addition to this stimulus to the patriotism of the soil, as lord Shaftesbury calls it, which the Highlander shares in common with all the human race, he possesses many other very strong incitements to this affection for the land on which he first drew breath. His domestic endearments, perhaps stronger than those of any other country, the indissoluble ties of son, brother, husband, father, bind him to his native mountains with the unfading, amaranthine, wreath of affection. The difficulty with which he earns his bread also helps to endear his country to him, by calling forth the exertions of his wife and little ones, whence the links of mutual attachment are more intimately twisted round their hearts; and, likewise, because it knits more closely together separate families and communities, for the sake of reciprocal assistance, whence, the better feelings of the heart, those of philanthropy and benevolence, are exercised; and patriotism is always proportioned to the quantity of virtue resident in the bosoms of the inhabitants of a country.

"The rude and mountainous nature of his country also greatly increases his love for his natal soil, because it presents those grand objects of nature to the senses, which, perhaps more than any thing else, give the mind an elevated and a dignified cast, expanding and enlarging all her faculties; and because, by its difficulty of access, it generally baffles the attempts of invaders, and, hence, cherishes sentiments of national loftiness and independence in the inhabitants; his isolated situation also strengthens the attachment to the natal soil, and the custom of combining in clans, which favour the propensity to family distinction and genealogical consequence. But this consequence can never be so great as among those who know and acknowledge its existence, and are acquainted with its claims,

and are willing to allow them, inasmuch as they also require the same allowance for themselves. Among strangers and foreigners, however, such claims to importance would be urged without effect; because they, not being any ways interested in their existence or growth, would treat them with indifference, if not with contempt.

"But, as Macnaughtan observed to us, men are generally apt to be delighted with the thought that their blood has flowed, pure and uncontaminated, for many generations, in the veins of the upright and the honourable. Indeed, whatever has a tendency to give us respect in our own eyes and in the eyes of others is cherished by us with great complacency and satisfaction; for the esteem of others and of ourselves is the great and general stimulus to human action. All these and many more ties bind the Highlander, in the chains of willing affection, to the land of his birth; and nothing but the extremest rigour of necessity, naught but the iron grasp of lawless cruelty, can ever compel him permanently to leave his native hills.

"As this rod of oppression, under which these noble and generous people are crushed and bruised, can only be broken in pieces by the benevolent interference of the government of Great Britain, I would wish, by every effort, to make the cries of injured humanity pierce even to the inmost recesses of the legislative and executive authority of this kingdom; for that authority alone, paramount to every other, can redress the evils which destroy the happiness of a people whose exemplary virtues demand every attention that kindness and affection can bestow. I shall therefore borrow the aid of genius and of poetry, in order to make the stronger impression upon the minds of those who are mighty, if they were but willing, to save; that, if my feeble voice cannot be heard, yet, that the elevated tone of great and enlightened minds may rouse indifference and neglect from her leaden couch of slumber and of sloth.

"The following lines were written by the leader of the Scottish bar, the brother of that man who has now for many years ranked as the first in gen-

us and in eloquence in the courts of English jurisprudence. They were occasioned by the very numerous emigrations from the Highlands some few years since, and allude to a transaction by no means fictitious.

'Fast, by the margin of a mossy rill,  
That wander'd gurgling down a heath-clad hill,  
An antient shepherd stood, oppress'd  
with woe,  
And ey'd the ocean's flood that foam'd  
below;  
Where, gently rocking on the rising  
tide,  
A ship's unwonted form was seen to  
ride:  
Unwonted, well I ween, for n'er be-  
fore  
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore;  
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever  
stray'd  
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.

'His few remaining hairs were silver-  
grey,  
And his rough face had seen a better  
day.  
Around him, bleating stray'd a scanty  
flock,  
And a few goats o'erhung the neigh-  
b'ring rock;  
One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to  
share,  
And strove with many a trick to ease his  
care;  
While, o'er his furrow'd cheeks, the salt  
drops ran,  
He ey'd his barren hills, and thus be-  
gan—

'Farewell, farewell, dear Caledonia's  
strand,  
Rough though thou art, yet still my  
native land!  
Exiled from thee, I seek a foreign shore,  
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no  
more;  
By hard oppression driv'n, my helpless  
age,  
That should e'er now have left life's  
bustling stage,  
Is forc'd to dare the ocean's boist'rous  
wave,  
In a far foreign land to seek a grave.

'And must I leave thee, then, my little  
cot,  
Mine and my father's poor, but happy,  
lot!  
Where I have pass'd, in innocence,  
away  
Year after year, till age has turn'd me  
grey?

'Thou dear companion of my happier  
life,  
Now to the grave gone down, my virtu-  
ous wife!

'Twas here you rear'd, with fond mater-  
nal pride,

Five comely sons—three for their coun-  
try died!

Two still remain, sad remnant of the  
wars,

Without one mark of honour, save their  
scars;

Yet live to see their sire denied a grave  
In lands his much-lov'd children died to  
save.

Yet still in peace and safety did we live,  
In peace and safety, more than wealth  
can give.

My two remaining boys, with sturdy  
hands,

Rear'd the scant produce of our niggard  
lands;

Scant as it was, no more our hearts de-  
sir'd,

No more from us our generous lord re-  
quir'd.

'But, ah! sad changel those blessed  
days are o'er,

And peace, content, and safety, charm  
no more;

Another lord now rules those wide do-  
mains,

The avaricious tyrant of the plains!  
Far, far, from hence, he revels life away

In guilty pleasures our poor means must  
pay.

The mossy plains, the mountain's barren  
brow,

Must now be riven by the torturing  
plough;

And, spite of nature, crops be taught to  
rise,

Which, to these northern climes, wise  
heav'n denies.

In vain, with sweating brow and weary  
hands,

We strive to earn the gold our lord de-  
mands,

While cold, and hunger, and the dun-  
geon's gloom,

Await our failure as its certain doom!

'To shun these ills, that threat my hoary  
head,

I seek in foreign lands precarious bread;  
Forc'd, though my helpless age from  
guilt be pure,

The pangs of banish'd felons to en-  
dure;

And all, because these hands have vainly  
tried

To force from art what nature has de-  
nied—

Because my little all will not suffice  
To pay th' insatiate claims of avarice!

'In vain of richer climates I am told,  
Whose hills are rich in gems, whose  
streams are gold.

I am contented here; I ne'er have seen  
A vale more fertile or a hill more  
green;

Nor would I leave this sweet, this hum-  
ble, cot

To share the richest monarch's splendid  
lot.

Oh! would to heaven th' alternative  
were mine,

Abroad to thrive, or here in want to  
pine!

Soon would I choose;—but, ere to-  
morrow's sun

Has o'er my head his radiant journey  
run,

I shall be robb'd, by what they justice  
call,

By legal ruffians, of my little all.  
Driv'n out to hunger, nakedness, and

grief,  
Without one pitying hand to bring relief.

Then come—oh! sad alternative to  
choose!

Come banishment, I will no more re-  
fuse!

Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor  
wind,

Can add of horror to my suffering mind.  
On whatsoever coast I may be thrown,

No lord can be severer than my own.

'For thee, insatiate chief, whose ruth-  
less hand

For ever drives me from my native land,  
For thee—I leave no greater curse be-  
hind

Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind;  
Or, what were harder to a soul like

thine,  
To find from avarice thy wealth decline

'For you, my friends and neighbours of  
the vale,

Who now with kindly tears my fate  
bewail,

Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,  
To ease your sorrow, stretch the helping

hand;

Else soon, too soon, your hapless fate  
shall be,

Like me to suffer, and to fly like me.

'On you, dear native land! from  
whence I part,

Rest the best blessings of a broken  
heart.

If, in some future hour, the foe should  
land

His hostile legions on Britannia's strand,  
May she not then th' alarm sound in

vain,  
Nor miss her banish'd thousands on the  
plain!!



"Is there in human form that bears a heart, who can view the following picture and not heave the sigh of sorrow for the forlorn condition of the inestimable Highlander?"

'Good heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd  
that parting day  
That call'd them from their native hills  
away;  
When the poor exile, every pleasure  
past,  
Hung round his hut, and fondly look'd  
his last;  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd,  
in vain,  
For seats like these beyond the western-  
main;  
And, shuddering still to face the distant  
deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to  
weep.  
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for  
others' woe:  
But, for himself, in conscious virtue  
brave,  
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the  
grave.

'His lovely daughter, lovelier in her  
tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless  
years,  
Silent, went next, neglectful of her  
charms,  
And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
With louder plaints, the mother spoke  
her woes,  
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure  
rose;  
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with  
many a tear,  
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow dou-  
bly dear,  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend  
relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

'Down where yon anchoring vessel  
spreads the sail,  
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy  
band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the  
strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are  
there;  
And piety, with wishes plac'd above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.'

"It were a consummation devoutly to be wished, that statesmen would prevail on themselves to make an experiment of humanity, and alleviate

the miseries of these unfortunate human beings. But, alas! it is too true that politicians are not very apt to have much intercourse with humanity, if it happens to lie out of their beat, or does not come within the round of form and precedent. But, though habit must always possess much influence on the art of government, as it does indeed upon every thing relating to man, yet it should not be all in all, it should not be paramount, but yield, when reason, humanity, justice, religion, demand something new, something contrary to long established custom, to be done.

"It were to be wished, therefore, that, although it has been the usage, for time immemorial, to oppress and to evil-intreat the honest Highlanders, now a new method may be tried, an innovation may be made upon these established forms of tyranny and wickedness, however sanctioned by age, and however matured by length of days. Although it is the fashion, the order of the day, to exclaim against all reforms and alterations, yet I would venture to recommend that a change might be made in the situation of the Scottish mountaineers, and that, for once, they might know the effects of mercy and of kindness in their superiors, since they have so long been made to drink the bitter cup of oppression, and to drain it even to the very dregs.

"Time insensibly changes the genius and the manners of men, by discovering new truths and exploding old errors; why then should it not introduce occasional and salutary modifications in the laws of a kingdom? The continual revolutions which cause such variations in the face of civil society afford sufficient reasons for producing alterations, which experience has deemed necessary in the mode of administering government. Cast your eye over the states of Europe, and say, is there not sufficient need of such changes? If men were to continue, from age to age, and from generation to generation, in one unvaried round of opinion and of sentiment, invariable laws might be established, without fear of incurring the imputation of absurdity.

"But the continued variations in the human mind, and its steady but progressive march towards a higher



degree of knowledge and of virtue, demand that the system of government, by gradual and gentle changes, should adapt itself to the opinions which arise from the continued influx of new light on every subject and in every science which relates to the physical and moral regulation of man. Think you, that now, after the lapse of so many ages, the same laws and customs are calculated to bind the present race of Britons, as once slung the chain of slavery round the necks of their ancestors, under the haughty and relentless sway of the bastard of Normandy? A change, then, even in the mode of governing and ruling a people, is sometimes necessary. And why not change the present iniquitous system of oppression which breaks down the body, though it cannot debase the unbending and dignified soul, of the Highlander?

"The statesman who has not examined well the human heart by observing man on a large scale, but chiefly by looking into his own breast, and does not know that the mind of man takes its hue and colouring from surrounding objects, and is elevated or depressed as it is free and enlightened, or as it is in bondage and ignorant, can never build his policy upon any sure basis. He will be apt to adopt the pitiful measures of fraudulent and tricking expedient, in preference to the enlarged principles of benevolence and justice, and thus will always mistake the true interests of the people.

"It would be well, if it were possible (and with the parliament of Britain what is not possible?) to render the condition of the Highlander less wretched. The soil and climate, indeed, are sturdy obstacles to improvement; but kindness and attention may do much. At present, the traveller wanders through a naked desert, cheered sometimes, but not often, by the sight of a few cows and sheep, and now and then tumbles on a heap of loose stones and turf, in a cavity between rocks, which is called a hut, or house. In this miserable abode is a being, possessing all those sensations which cultivation softens and refines, and all those powers of imagination which exercise enlarges and strengthens beyond all power of count, a being destined to immortality, doomed to

screen himself from the drifting of the snow, and to seek shelter from the inclemency of the blast.

"There have been, and there are, many soi-disant philosophers who have affected to assert, and have talked and have written, that they might make others believe, this to be a happy state of existence. But they do not believe it even while they say it, neither did they ever produce conviction in the minds of others. For what of pleasure is to be derived from the privation of all that can gratify the senses of men? from the presence of all that can depress his soul into the gloominess of despair? from penury and from want? from pain, oppression, and anguish?

"One observation on this subject from S. Johnson, whose acuteness and sagacity have never been surpassed by any man, and I have done with it.

"To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider that where there was formerly an insurrection there is now a wilderness." vol. ii. p. 434.

The tour was made in company with another gentleman, and both chose to pass themselves on the honest Scotch for natives of America, under the idea of meeting with a better reception.

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V. *THE LIFE OF GENERAL DE ZIETEN, Colonel of the Royal Prussian Regiment of Hussar Life-Guards, Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle, &c.* By MADAME DE BLUMENTHAL, First Lady of the Bedchamber to her Royal Highness the Dowager Princess Henry of Prussia. Translated from the German by the REV. B. BERESFORD, P. D. 8vo. 2 vols. 350 pages each. 14s. Phillips.

THIS famous Prussian general made much noise on the continent, but is little known to this country. In-

deed it is, strictly speaking, a foreign publication. We shall give a few of its first and last pages. The birth and education of Zieten are thus detailed.

"John Zoachim de Zieten was born on the 18th of May, 1699, at Wustrau, a village belonging to his family, situated in the county of Ruppín, seven German miles from Berlin. His father, Joachim Matthias de Zieten, was a country gentleman who resided on his own estate, unemployed either in a civil or military capacity. He married Elizabeth Catherine de Jurgas, of the house of Ganzer, by whom he had four daughters and two sons: of the latter, one died in his infancy.

"M. de Zieten's fortune did not exceed five hundred rix-dollars a year, which arose from the produce of his Wustrau estate.\* On this moderate income did this gentleman and his family, whose wants were few, live, as people lived in good old times, towards the close of the seventeenth century. The tricks and chicaneries of his wealthy neighbours, which often bore hard upon him, alone could make him feel the want of fortune, and under the pressure of these injurious proceedings he commonly displayed a command of temper not a little rare among the old Germans.

"Young de Zieten, in his father's house, was utterly unprovided with the means of instruction or culture. Left to himself at a time of life in which, at the present day, young men of condition are engaged in their studies and various exercises, his natural dispositions alone developed themselves, and gave him that character of originality which the hand of art, in polishing, would have much defaced.

"He employed the leisure of his early days in forming plans for the future. The void that prevailed in the life of his father, the small fortune which one day was to fall to his share, the narrow and gloomy limits of the mansion-house, to which he found himself confined, instead of afflicting and dismaying him, tended only to inflame his courage and foster his ambition. When yet a mere child, his imagination was busy in embel-

lishing the inheritance of his ancestors, and, when grown old, he has often acknowledged that the plans he afterwards executed were in part the dreams of his youth.

"He betrayed, from his early childhood, a decided partiality for every thing that related to the military life. Whenever a soldier passed through Wustrau on a furlough, a circumstance that rarely happened, young Zieten followed him closely, could never sufficiently admire him, and was eagerly solicitous of the honour of imitating and resembling him. The Prussian soldiers, it is well known, wear their hair tied in a queue. Every Saturday, young Zieten requested his father's leave to go to Ruppín, a German mile from Wustrau, where a soldier of the garrison, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, dressed his hair à la Prussienne, and made him a large queue well stiffened and powdered, which served to ornament him for the ensuing week. He was at this time nine years of age.

"Nature had endowed him with a quick perception of right and wrong, and with the strongest propensity to resist oppression. These dispositions manifested themselves from his very childhood, and rendered him a correct and judicious observer of every thing that passed within the sphere of his notice. The unbecoming procedure of his neighbours irritated his mind, his father's mortifications became his own, and, in the bitterness of his soul, he has been often heard to swear he would one day put an end to them.

"When he was thirteen years old, his parents provided him with a kind of tutor, a man whose irregularity of conduct ill fitted him for the task. Young Zieten soon perceived this, and withdrew his esteem and confidence. The preceptor one day preparing to inflict a bodily correction upon his pupil, the youth repulsed him with disdain, impeached him to his father, and, having supported his accusations with proper proof, the pedagogue was immediately dismissed.

"At the age of fourteen, he left Wustrau to enter into the service of Frederick William I, king of Prussia. His father procured him the post of standard-bearer in the regiment of

\* The village of Wustrau was at this time possessed by three different proprietors. M. de Zieten's portion amounted to about a sixth part.

Schwendy (now Zenge), which, after having been engaged in the siege of Stralsund, was garrisoned at Spandau, Frankfort on the Oder, Cottbus, Treuenbrietzen, and Belitz.

"His relations were unable to furnish him either with letters of recommendation or money. He was low of stature, and of a puny, unhealthy, appearance. Without patron, friend, or fortune, he felt himself in his new career, in a strange city, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. His father, indeed had some slight knowledge of general de Schwendy; they were neighbours, and their estates bordered upon each other, but they had scarce any intercourse together. M. de Zieten strongly recommended to his son to take the first opportunity of paying his court to the general, and of soliciting his patronage. He promised himself great advantage from this step, and we shall see in what manner it ended. The young man appears before his general, executes his father's commission, and finishes with the usual phrase, that he was come to pay his devoirs to him. 'Well, pay them then,' said Schwendy, with the most insulting coolness; and, without adding a civil word, either for the youth or his parents, he opened the window, and, looking out of it, turned his back upon his visitor, whom he left standing near the door. Zieten did not long remain in this awkward situation; deeply hurt at the rude reception he had met with, he flung out of the chamber without taking the least pains to dissemble his resentment. He was never able to forget this scene, and even in his old age could never speak of it without the keenest indignation.

"Although unpatronized in his new career, and having entered it, under the most unpromising auspices, his zeal for his profession remained uncooled, and his genius lost nothing of its original energy. On the contrary, it seemed as if oppression fortified his breast, and that the neglect in which he was vegetating nourished his ambition, and imparted new elasticity and vigour to his mind. Thus situated, he was not, however, the less alive to insult, nor less prone to avenge his wrongs. The first person he chastised was a veteran serjeant, who had behaved improperly to him.

He wounded him desperately in the face, and escaped unhurt himself. Soon after this, he crippled one of his comrades. This early courage, tho' it bordered upon ferocity, acquired young Zieten that esteem for which his diminutive stature and undignified appearance seemed at first to have disqualified him, and procured him a kind of relief.

"After having passed some years in learning the detail of the military service, frequently mounting guard in the capacity of a common sentinel, and in acquitting himself of every duty his station imposed upon him, he was appointed ensign on the 7th of July, 1720. In a short time, the regiment to which he belonged was given to count de Schwerin, afterwards field-marshal-general of Prussia. The count, who was a native of the duchy of Mecklenburg, had entered early into the army in the service of his own country, and, after having retired for a while to his paternal estate, he again launched into the military life, under the banners of the king of Prussia. He had many imitators among the young and wealthy part of his own countrymen, who were eager to serve in his regiment, into which he admitted them, to the prejudice of the senior officers, and of Zieten in particular, whom he disliked on account of his low stature and the shrillness of his voice, which he said was not formed to give the word of command. Zieten, after finding himself, in four successive instances, superseded, to make way for others, demanded his dismissal with reluctance, and immediately obtained it.

"This first essay of the military life was ill calculated to soften the asperity of his manners. Of this, I shall give the reader a single example. The Germans, it is well known, have always had the reputation of great drinkers. This vice, which prevailed in the Prussian army, was particularly in vogue in the regiment of Schwerin, and the following custom was always religiously observed. The officer of the day took care to provide the guard-house with a hogshhead of beer, which he and his comrades never failed to empty. Each, in his turn, was obliged to swallow, at one draught, a full quart-mug; he who could not

perform this feat was derided, and none were allowed, on any pretext whatever, to be exempted from this bacchanalian exercise. This proved no small embarrassment to young Zieten, whose puny stomach was unable to contain such floods of beer, and who, of course, was extremely averse to the ceremony. He was at a loss how to act, in order to avoid a thousand disagreeable contingencies, and being every moment under the necessity of fighting a duel. At last, he was able to prevail on his comrades to allow him, instead of emptying the monstrous jug, to drink a small glass of brandy, which was less disagreeable to him, as well as less detrimental to his constitution.

To this excess in drinking, to these gross customs, which bore the stamp of the age, and which fashion had rendered honourable, were joined excesses of another kind, more conformable to nature, to which young Zieten, whose passions now began to unfold themselves with ardour, found himself more inclined, and which he had begun to teach himself to think he might indulge with impunity. How fortunate was it for him that he was checked in the beginning of a career which threatened such mischief to his moral character! In his peaceful retirement, he had full leisure for reflection, to foster those meditations of which he himself was the subject, and to prepare in silence for his real destination.

Ardent, ambitious, and naturally inclined to excess, he might have been plunged into inextricable difficulties, had he met with that reception at his first entrance into life which is commonly given to young men favoured by fortune. He would probably have lost sight of, or never attained, the splendid part he was one day to act. His lot involved him in a series of perplexities, retalled his attention to himself, and taught him that he could only gratify the ambition with which he was inspired, and advance his fortunes, by depending on himself alone, and founding all his plans and all his hopes on the basis of real desert. To listen to such dictates, and to follow such counsels, both genius and resolution were required. Zieten was not deficient in either the one or the other; and thus it was that

VOL. III.

the first germs of that moral force, that vigour of character, which were afterwards so much admired, developed themselves in his young mind.

After having quitted the army, he had no other resource than that of retiring to his own estate, where his father had died in the year 1719. His first care was, to examine into the true state of his affairs, to put them in order, to make provision for his mother and sisters, and to unravel the complicated law-suits in which his father had been so long involved with his neighbours, and which not only had brought him to the brink of ruin, but likewise contributed to shorten his days.

In spite of all these occupations, which were well calculated to engross his whole attention, he never lost sight of that sphere of greater activity in which he hoped one day to be engaged. His inclination for a military life was far from being abated; he meditated upon the subject with unremitting ardour, yet two years elapsed before he was enabled to realize his wishes. At the expiration of this time, after having paid a visit to his old comrades of the regiment he had quitted, he was induced by curiosity to visit Berlin, to be present at a gala which was given by the French ambassador.

One morning, when he was on the parade opposite the royal palace, Frederick William I. observed him; and his regimentals, which he had not left off wearing, having caught the attention of the king, he inquired who he was. Zieten, on satisfying his majesty's curiosity, mentioned likewise the reasons that had induced him to quit the army; but, not having expressed any desire to resume the profession, nothing farther at this time took place.

Some months after this, being obliged to attend the progress of a law-suit at Berlin, he learnt, with great satisfaction, that de Wuthenow's dragoons, who were quartered in Prussia, were shortly to be augmented from five squadrons to ten. This information revived all his hopes. He anticipated the long-wished-for moment of changing the sedentary and inanimate life he now led for scenes of greater activity and pursuits more adapted to his genius. He was

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determined, however, not to avail himself of the recommendation or interposition of any one: his fortune, he was resolved, should be his own work—such was his unconquerable aversion to every thing that looked like patronage and dependency.

“ Thus determined, he frequently appeared on the parade, and though he was aware that his diminutive size would be far from recommending him in the eyes of Frederick William, he was not the less eager to appear before that prince and to attract his notice. To further his design, he had again taken care to dress in regimentals, and the king soon remarked him. His majesty not only asked his name, but, having received the same answer as was formerly given, he made him an offer of a new commission. It may be easily imagined with what readiness Zieten accepted the gracious proposal; he ventured, however, to stipulate conditions which might indemnify him in point of rank for the time he had lost in his retreat and the partiality shewn to the Mecklenburg officers who, as it has been already observed, had been put over his head. Having received his majesty’s assurances that he should rank agreeably to his wishes, he entered into Wuthenow’s dragoons as fourth lieutenant.

“ It was in the year 1726 that Zieten, now twenty-seven years of age, thus launched for the second time into that element for which nature seemed to have formed him. Full of hope and ardour, and painting in the most vivid colours the picture of his future life, he was far from dreaming that vexations of a more disagreeable nature awaited him in the cavalry than those he had experienced in the infantry. He repaired to his new quarters, but before he arrived there he had a disaster to encounter which nearly cost him his life.

“ When he was on the point of setting out for his garrison in the month of February, a staff-officer of his own regiment, who had come to Berlin to procure a supply of horses, having been informed that Zieten was appointed lieutenant, consigned a quantity of them to his care. The officer set out a day before him and passed the Vistula with no small difficulty, as the ice was beginning to break up. When Zieten arrived the

next day on the bank of the river, the ice was already afloat, and he was obliged to take a circuitous way of more than twenty German miles to cross the river over the bridge of Naugarten. This tottering structure had been often impaired by the inundation of the Vistula, and at this moment seemed on the point of giving way. What could he do? It was necessary to avail himself of the present instant, and Zieten accordingly began to march the horses over the bridge, and remained behind himself to preserve order. During these proceedings, the Polish toll-man shut the gate on the opposite side, and refused to suffer the horses, which were now crowded on the bridge, to pass, till the toll was duly paid. This incident rendered the personal interference of Zieten absolutely necessary; and he was obliged to make his way over the narrow and crazy bridge, jostling along by the horses, which were now grown unruly and much startled at the dashing of the waters. Scarcely had he, by dint of threats and promises, prevailed on the man to throw open the gate, scarcely had the horses in the rear lightened the bridge, which their weight had hitherto tended not a little to keep entire, when one arch after another began to yield to the violence of the current, and the last horse having touched the bank, the last arch gave way, and the whole bridge disappeared in a few minutes.

“ Thus did Zieten owe his safety to the merest accident. Had he remained in the rear, and had not the well-timed perverseness of the toll-man forced him to quit that dangerous post, he would, most probably, have been swallowed up with the bridge, and found a grave in the Vistula. But, having escaped this danger, he seemed to derive new intrepidity from it, and became the better fitted to encounter the perils that still awaited him.” vol. i. p. 17.

After a minute account of the battles in which this eminent general distinguished himself, his death and character are transmitted to us in the following terms.

“ We now come to the last period of the life of Zieten. For several years past, his infirmities had increased upon him. His nights grew rest-



less, and he became subject to a feverish complaint which proved extremely troublesome to him, and sometimes threw him into a delirium. His character, however, was still the same, even under the most violent pressure of the disorder. One night, when he was severely attacked by his fever, he imagined there was a fire under the floor, and that he felt his bed burning beneath him. He called his valet, who endeavoured to calm and undeceive him. His efforts were vain; the sick man persisted in his opinion, and the valet was obliged to call M. de Jurgas to his assistance. Zieten fell into a passion at the sight of his son-in-law. "Do not conceive (said he) that I am at all afraid of the fire that is under the bed."

"In the day-time, he appeared weak only; yet it was easy to perceive his general decay, and particularly that of his sight and hearing; but his intellectual faculties still remained sound, and he grew more than ever fond of the company of his nearest relatives. He felt himself revived by their converse; he acknowledged it, and repeatedly thanked them for their assiduities. In general, he redoubled his kindness to all around him.

"Besides the best of wives, he had the good fortune to have about him, for the last six years of his life, a person who rendered him the most essential services, and who was considered by him as the support of his old age. Such merit is of too uncommon a nature among the class of mercenaries, not to induce us to distinguish from the crowd the man who possessed it. This was M. Wagner, his valet de chambre; at present, steward of the royal kitchen. The worthy man was thoroughly acquainted with the humour and way of life of his master. By day, he would amuse him, at one time, with books of devotion; at another, with subjects of rural economy; at another, with treatises on politics. At night, he usually sat up with him, attended him with unremitting care; he, indeed, scarcely quitted him for an instant, at any time, and cheerfully sacrificed all kind of recreation out of doors for his sake. He possessed the entire confidence of the general, acted not only as his valet, his reader, but likewise as his secretary. As long as his mas-

ter lived, he refused various establishments that were offered him; and at length he was appointed, on the recommendation of the late M. de Werd, minister of state, to the confidential post which he has continued to fill in an honourable manner to the present day.

"The last letter from the king to Zieten is in answer to one which the general had written him on the return of the new year.

"My dear General de Zieten,

"I feel the value of your good wishes, and am truly grateful for them. I wish, in return, that your strength may be renewed and firmly established, and that your health may equal your contentment. The accomplishment of these wishes would afford me the highest degree of satisfaction, and I remain your very affectionate king,  
Frederick."

"Berlin, Jan. 1, 1785.

"Several circumstances have given rise to a belief that the king had a presentiment of the approaching dissolution of his general. A man, indeed, on the verge of eighty-six must naturally have been expected to die soon; and that the public, ever fond of the marvellous, should choose to make a miracle of his majesty's apprehensions, is likewise far from having any thing extraordinary in it.

"A peculiar incident soon enabled the great Frederick to give his general a last proof of the high esteem he bore him, and of the manner in which he was pleased to recompense true merit.

"It happened in the course of the winter of 1785. The king had returned to Berlin in a bad state of health. On the 21st of December, Zieten, in spite of the burden of eighty-six years, went to the palace, at the end of the parade, to pay his sovereign this last tribute of respect, and to have the pleasure of seeing him after six months' absence. The parole was given out, the orders imparted to the generals, and the king had turned towards the princes of the blood, when he perceived Zieten on the other side of the hall, between his son and his two aides-de-camp. Surprised in a very agreeable manner at this unexpected sight, he broke out into an

exclamation of joy, and directly making up to him, 'What, my good old Zieten, are you there? (said his majesty) How sorry am I that you have had the trouble of walking up the staircase! I should have called upon you myself. How have you been of late?' 'Sire (answered Zieten), my health is not amiss, my appetite is good; but my strength! my strength!'

'This account (replied the king) makes me happy by halves only; but you must be tired; I shall have a chair for you.' A chair was quickly brought. Zieten, however, declared that he was not at all fatigued; the king maintained that he was. 'Sit down, good father (continued his majesty); I will have it so; otherwise I must instantly leave the room, for I cannot allow you to be incommoded under my own roof.' The old general obeyed, and Frederick the Great remained standing before him, in the midst of a brilliant circle that had thronged around them. After asking him many questions respecting his hearing, his memory, and the general state of his health, he at length took leave of him in these words: 'Adieu, my dear Zieten! (it was his last adieu!) take care not to catch cold; nurse yourself well, and live as long as you can, that I may often have the pleasure of seeing you.' After having said this, the king, instead of speaking to the other generals, and walking through the saloons, as usual, retired abruptly, and shut himself up in his closet.

'This interesting scene, equally worthy of Frederick and of Zieten, brought tears into the eyes of the hardiest of the spectators. Zieten was himself too much affected to be able to shed any; nor can language describe what he felt on the occasion. The grave of Chodowiecki has preserved this interview in a plate, which, among its other excellencies, is remarkable for the likenesses of the groupe, and which is well known throughout all Europe.

'The sun of Zieten hastened apace to its decline, and the edifice of his bodily frame fell fast into decay. He had now scarcely any desires to animate him: he had drunk out the cup of life, and had fully tasted of its glory and its enjoyments. His favourite wish, of living to an advanced

age, had been granted him: he had run his long career with a conscience void of reproach, and he began to feel the want of repose: he cherished the hope of immortality, and prepared for death, as an event he neither desired nor feared.

'He was now in his eighty-sixth year; and, on the 25th of January, after having taken a ride in his carriage with Madame de Zieten, he felt himself in such spirits, that he planned an excursion to Wustrau with her; and, from thence, to his brother-in-law, who had invited him to stand godfather to his child. He spent the evening at home, and was remarkably good-humoured, conversed gaily with his children, and observed to his youngest daughter, that he hoped soon to see her dressed in a new gown he had just bought her. They all sat down to supper, when, on a sudden, and for the first time in his life, Zieten complained of being unwell. The consternation was general; every possible assistance was administered to him; and, in a little time, he grew better. He then went to bed, and the family had no apprehensions of a relapse.

'The night, which was the last of his life, afforded him but little rest. He was heard to pray aloud, and at several different times. At four in the morning, he called his valet, who, on entering the room, saw the image of death upon his master's countenance. He immediately rung for assistance. The dying man had not, however, lost his senses: he coughed and spat; asked if it was blood, and, before any assistance came, or his valet could answer his question, Zieten was no more.

'The death of Zieten, though inevitable in the natural order of things, filled the whole city with alarm and sorrow. Throngs of people hastened to see his corpse, as it lay in state; and among the soldiers of all orders and descriptions who paid this last tribute of respect to him, there was one, who, rushing through the crowd, approached the body, and, from the abundance of his heart, addressed it in a speech that was worthy of being preserved, as well as the name of the man who delivered it. This was an old grenadier, who had often fought under the general's banner, and whose

enthusiastic affection inspired him with a flow of language little to be expected from an unlettered common soldier.\*

"The corpse, attended by young Zieten and captain de Velten, was carried, without pomp, to Wustrau, and laid in the family vault, in the churchyard of that village. A plain stone, bearing a trophy and a bundle of fasces, which allude to his double capacity of officer and commander in chief, covers his remains. His name, his dignities, the day of his birth, that of his decease, and his seventy-three years of service, are engraved thereupon, within a wreath of laurels. His family have erected a splendid monument to him in the church, which bears the following inscription.

"He lived with Frederick  
In the Annals of History,  
Admired as a Hero,  
Beloved as a Man and a Christian.  
He was, besides,  
The Happiness of his disconsolate  
Wife and his Children,  
Who have consecrated  
This Monument to his Memory."

"Frederick the Great has likewise honoured the memory of Zieten by the following letter to his widow.

"My sentiments, Madam, with regard to your late husband, are too well known to you, to render it necessary that I should tell you how severely I feel his loss, although his advanced age should have prepared me for the shock. To doubt it, would imply an incapacity of appreciating merit like his. Of that merit, I was truly sensible, and I now bewail it. I take this opportunity of condoling with you and your family on this melancholy event, and, hoping that my affliction may tend to alleviate your's, I conclude with assuring you, that, on every occasion, I shall continue to be both your and their affectionate king, Frederick."

"Potsdam, Jan. 28, 1736."

"This anecdote renews the remembrance of another. A French soldier at Strasburg visited the monument of marshal Saxe. He drew his sword, laid it upon the tomb, sheathed it again, and withdrew in silence,

"The king survived his general but a few months only. Instead of the usual pension, his majesty had made a present of ten thousand dollars to Madame de Zieten and her children. The finances of the deceased, which had been considerably disarranged by his liberalities, stood in need of this repatriation.

"To the regrets of the great Frederick, we must join the remembrances of his august brother. In the year 1790, prince Henry of Prussia erected in the park of Rheinsberg a pyramid to the memory of his favourite brother, Augustus William, grandfather to the present king. On the four sides of the pyramid were inscribed the names of twenty-six warriors who had been particularly esteemed by him, with a short description of their several merits and exploits. The inauguration of this monument took place in the year 1791; and, to render it the more solemn, the prince had collected from the neighbouring garrisons all the troops, from the general, down to the common soldier, who had served in the seven years' war. A signal being made, the monument was uncovered; a fine harangue, of the prince's own composition, was pronounced; the heroes paid the tribute of a tear to the memory of the illustrious dead, and celebrated together the anniversary of this famous war. The front of the pyramid is crowned with a medallion of Augustus William. In the middle, are the names of Keith, Schwerin, prince Leopold, prince Ferdinand, Seidlitz, the duke of Beyer, Platen, and that of Zieten, with the following eulogy, composed by the prince:

"General de Zieten  
Attained  
To a happy and glorious old Age.  
Every time he combatted,  
He triumphed.  
His military Glance, joined  
To his heroic Valour,  
Decided the Fate of Battles;  
But what distinguished him  
Still more was,  
His Integrity, his Disinterestedness,  
And his Contempt for all such as  
Enriched themselves at the Expense of  
Oppressed Nations."

The work is enriched with plates, and maps of those parts of the country where Zieten reaped his laurels of military glory.

# VI. LETTERS OF A MAMELUKE;

or, a Moral and Critical Picture of the Manners of Paris. With Notes by the Translator. From the French of JOSEPH LAVALLEE, of the Philotechnic Society, &c. 12mo. 2 vols. about 300 pages each. 9s. Murray.

THIS entertaining sketch of French customs and manners is founded on the fact of Buonaparte's having brought certain Mamelukes from Egypt; an intelligent individual, therefore, of this description is here giving an account of what he hears and sees in this new part of the world. The concluding letter imparts a just idea of the manner in which the whole is executed.

"Paris possesses three magnificent establishments. I wish, my dear Giafar, that thou couldst inspect them with me; thy heart, thy mind, and thy eyes, would at once be gratified. These three establishments are, the Museum of Natural History, the Central Museum of the Arts, and the National Library: in the first are to be found all the wonders of nature; in the second, all the wonders of painting and sculpture; and in the third, all the wonders of thought committed to paper. The first contains every thing most rich and most rare that the three kingdoms of nature have produced: the trees, the flowers, the fruits, of the four quarters of the world are assembled, grow and thrive, in a magnificent garden. There, thanks to the industrious genius of this nation, art has created an eternal spring for the tender productions of the banks of the Ganges and the Indus: there, in the depth of winter, vegetables, born on the burning shores of Gambia, of the Nile, and of the Amazons, find again the fiery climate which gave them birth. Hygeia there reaps, in all their vigour, the balmy plants with which nature clothed the surface of the globe for the relief of unfortunate mortals:

there, all the woods which luxury employs, all the plants which delicacy holds in request, all the seeds which are combined by the dyer, cover the ground, enchant the sight, and perfume the air. The timid antelope and the enormous elephant, the harmless sheep and the ferocious tiger, the swift stag and the indolent bear, the peaceful goat and the proud lion, the eagle and the Dove, the colibri and the vulture, the snowy swan and the nocturnal owl, live under the same sky and inhabit the same asyrum.

"Let us enter this splendid repository—the treasures of numerous oceans, the varied inhabitants of the air, of the earth, and of the water, from the whale to the polypus, from the condor to the humming-bird—all the riches concealed in the bowels of the globe, from gold to lead, from the brilliant diamond to the simple flint, from porphyry to sand-stone—display, under glazed receptacles, their polished surfaces and the lustre of their rays, their wealthy pomp and their variegated exterior. There, too, the desire of study is really to be remarked. It seems that the presence of nature has an imposing effect on young men led thither by the want of instruction: a sort of affecting melancholy is spread over their features; the giddiness of youth is less characterized; their countenance is serene, their eye meditative, their aspect religious. The public, even, who are attracted by curiosity, lose that noisy, tumultuous, inconsiderate, and indiscreet, agitation which follows them into the other establishments of science or of the arts. It might be said, that the manners of men are softened as soon as they enter the *Jardin des Plantes*, for thus is called this Botanical Garden; or, perhaps, might it not be that, in order to experience the desire of seeing and frequenting this beautiful spot, they must have none but soft passions, and that the portion of society there met with is that whose morals are the most pure, whose soul is most tender, and whose heart is most feeling? Or let us rather say, that this is the finest temple which man has erected on earth in honour of nature, and that if he there placed the altar of the mother of all beings, every thing there ought to partake of his filial piety. What sublime inter-



preters of the miracles and laws of that beneficent nature have inhabited and enriched this spot! what great men still cultivate her productions!—the ashes of some, the discourses of others—what subjects to command respect! what recollections!

“ I confess, Giafar, I have not experienced a sentiment so delicious in visiting their magnificent libraries. They have several; the one most deserving of admiration is that which they call the National Library, an immense tomb of the genius of twenty centuries. There sleep errors of every description. The heart aches at the recollection! one of these books has, perhaps, caused more blood to be shed than the heroic madness of ten conquerors. The first time I entered this proud monument of learning, ‘How great is man!’ (said to me the person by whom I was conducted) What bold adventurer would dare to measure the genius of the human species!’ ‘How little is man!’ (said I to myself) What rash being would flatter himself with being able to measure all the extent of his weakness?’—Millions of books, and still passions, still truth called in question, justice without credit, and wisdom contested! Sixteen hundred thousand volumes, and not a virtue more on earth! A man in the midst of these extensive libraries!—what a sight!—There is displayed, under the eye of that wretch, every thing by which he was surrounded to become a better man.—What does he bring?—nothing; his hands are empty.

“ A profound silence reigns under these extended arches. What a number of men, every day, seated round long tables! They read, write, and meditate. Are they sages? Some are, perhaps; but very few; all the rest are drudges, copyists, and compilers: they are there as if in a warehouse of dresses; they come to seek, among the spoils of the dead, a garb for clothing their incapacity. Sometimes, too, they are speculators on human malignity: they dig up the malevolence of past ages; they revive it, and resell it to the malevolence of their own times. Sometimes, it is still worse, like dangerous quacks, they collect poisons, and pave the way to the death of generations. Ah! Giafar! let us be gone; the aspect

of these indefatigable compilers, and that inconceivable heap of books, affect me. Hast thou seen, the day after a battle, birds of prey hover over an immense field where lie piles of corpses?—such are these compilers; the same instinct, the same voracity.

When, in festivals or public ceremonies, I contemplate those crowds of people by which the streets, the public squares and gardens, are thronged, among all those men, say I to myself, how few, perhaps are there whom I would wish to honour with the name of friend! A library and this crowd is to me the same thing.

“ I am fond of their Central Museum of the Arts. I have seen thy looks surveying with complacency the enormous remains of the ancient people of Egypt: well!—Thebes, Memphis, Alexandria, possessed not, perhaps, a monument to be compared to this. Figure to thyself a gallery of fourteen hundred feet in length, the colossal junction of two colossal palaces; a gallery, whose walls, thirty feet in elevation, are covered with the most magnificent pictures which, for four hundred years past, have issued from the hand of man. Thus, thou seest that it is a superficies of two thousand eight hundred feet, entirely covered with master-pieces—master-pieces, that is the term; for the delicacy of these Frenchmen, their refined taste, and their national pride, so flattered by the importance of this monument, which has no parallel on earth, have not suffered any picture of a secondary degree of merit to find its way into this sanctuary of the arts.

“ Three nations of Europe have rendered themselves illustrious in the art of painting; the Italian, the French, and the Flemish, or Dutch. The Europeans distinguish them by the name of school; and they say, Italian school, French school, and Flemish school. Of these three schools, the Italian alone has its subdivisions: thus, they say, Lombard school, Florentine school, Roman school, Venetian school, &c.; and these differ among themselves as much as the Italian school, properly so called, differs from the French and the Flemish. In general, these three schools are known by very distinctive characteristics: the Italian, by purity of design and



beauty of execution; the French, from wisdom of arrangement, grandeur of composition, and truth of expression; the Flemish, by magic of colour, delicacy of penciling, and an exact imitation of nature. As long as each of these three nations possessed within itself the whole, as it were, of its capital productions, they disputed with each other for pre-eminence, and this grand contest remained undecided. At the present day, when all the pieces worthy of comparison are brought together, the question is settled, and the French school, which the Italians pretended to cry down so much beneath their own, has resumed its rank, and is, by the French at least, considered as its equal. Some people still affect to say that the decree is not given, and reason as if that was the case. This is a remnant of prejudice; for there are prejudices among painters as among other men. Those whom the mechanism of art attaches or seduces more than the genius displayed in a production of this same art, still contend for the Italian school; but sentiment contradicts them, and it is sentiment, above all, that must be relied on in the arts. When a man who knows how to reflect surveys the Gallery of the Louvre, and sees the Italian master-pieces by the side of the French chefs-d'œuvre, he endeavours to account to himself for that superiority which opinion has almost always granted to the former. I see, by the habit which I have contracted of studying the human heart, that the Italians, notwithstanding their excessive vanity, have been the dupe of the secret vanity of the artists of other nations, and that opinion has been formed from that by which precisely it ought to have been stifled. Before I explain this idea, I must give you an account of the questions which I have put to myself. I asked myself, What quality first merits most esteem in a production of art? Unquestionably, it is genius; or, to speak less vaguely, it is the first thought, or, if you please, the creation of thought. The first subject that occurs inspires that thought. Ten painters shall treat this same subject. If, in these ten pictures, I seek for thought, that which shall present to me the grandest, the truest, and the most just, will be that in which I shall

discover the man of genius. Therefore, genius is the first thing necessary to be possessed. The next is expression; for the question is not simply to conceive well, a painter must also know how to express, that is, make others understand what he has conceived. Afterwards, comes harmony; for it is not sufficient to express well partially, all the parts, or, if I may use the expression, the phrases, of a picture must perfectly correspond, and be perfectly connected, with each other: they must be comma'd and stop'd suitably, in the sense which is peculiar to them; they must possess strength, eloquence, elevation, elegance, softness, and simplicity, relative to the place they occupy; and here I do not understand by harmony what is meant by painters, I mean harmony of sentiment in the proceeding. Next, the design. There begins mechanism; every thing that precedes it is not learned, they are favours which nature lavishes more or less on mankind. Design then. Next, perspective, disposition of shades, the skill of reflections, the melting of colours, and the quackery of fine pencilling. In order to produce a master-piece, acknowledged such by the whole society of men well organized, there must be an assemblage of the gifts granted by nature and those of the mechanism acquired by study. To produce a master-piece in the eyes of men of genius, the first part of these requisite qualities is sufficient. To produce a master-piece in the eyes of painters, or, at least, of certain painters, frequently nothing more is necessary than the second, that is to say, mechanism.

"Let us now open the human heart, and read.—What does man esteem, in a superior degree, in every species of creation?—Genius. If genius is the object of this supreme admiration, to whom does he grant the faculty in a superior degree?—To himself, in the first instance. Thus proceeds vanity. In making of this thesis a particular application, I shall, I suppose, take a painter, however celebrated, up to a picture as fine as can be imagined. I am even willing that the author of this picture should be present, that all the public should be there, if that can be so managed, to hear the opinion which this painter

will pronounce. What will he praise? What will he exalt?—The purity, the correctness, of the design; the beauty, the nobleness, and the proportion, of the forms; the knowledge of anatomy, the manner in which the muscles are inserted, in which the members are attached, in which the interior structure is represented; the truth of the flesh, the truth of the position, the truth of the drapery; the rapidity of the touch, the science of the pallet; in a word, every thing that is comprised in that technical word, *le faire*, or the mechanic. And of Genius?—Not a word. Why? Because, as I mentioned just now, this judge will tacitly presume himself far superior to the man, in this branch, on whose picture he shall come to pass sentence; that, in consequence, he will, infallibly, disdain to speak of that which he may have discovered in this picture, and that he will admire only that which he knows very well every man may learn to execute, if he is born with the dispositions necessary for that trade; for painting, without genius, is no more than a trade. It is, however, according to this constant progress of the human heart, and of the pride which rules it, that the pretended supremacy of the Italian school has been established. Consequently, the French, or other foreign artists, in Italy, have never failed, for three hundred years past, to exalt in the Italian pictures every thing that constitutes the trade of painting, because, in fact, this part is admirable in them; but they never, scarcely, said a word of the genius of their authors, either for the reason which I have just mentioned, or, because, in the greater number of those pictures, genius has been very little exerted. The Italian painters, on their side, in examining the pictures of the French school, have not praised with the same enthusiasm mechanism, properly so called, because, it is, perhaps, less perfect; but, being as proud, and prouder than all other men, they have kept a silence the more absolute in regard to genius, the brilliant branch of the French school, because they have tacitly found themselves inferior in that respect. Therefore, as is seen, it was far from this petty jealousy, which always inclines painters, and, in general, all men of any profession

Vol. III.

whatever, to fall into raptures at the most feeble part of the works of their rivals, thus sprang the erroneous opinion, which gave to the Italian school that supremacy at which some unprejudiced connoisseurs are so justly astonished; and it was therefore to the very reason which ought to have classed it in the second rank that it was indebted for being placed in the first.

“ If two essential branches constitute the art of painting, namely, genius and the mechanic, was it not natural that the one of the two schools which possessed in an eminent degree no more than the mechanic should yield the palm to that which possessed a superiority of genius? Besides, this great lustre of Italy, and even of Flanders, has been terribly eclipsed within the last hundred years; both those schools no longer produce any thing deserving of commendation. Truth requires it to be likewise mentioned that, for two thirds of the last century, the French school had fallen still lower; but it has suddenly risen again with extraordinary vigour, and it has, at the present day, from the men it possesses, reached a point which was neither surpassed by Italy nor Flanders in their most happy days. In fact, there are at this moment, in Europe, none but the French who can boast of great men in the art of painting. Italy still makes a few efforts in sculpture; but, in truth, the ridiculous rage of the French for admiring every thing that is not French is of wonderful service to the Italians in that pretension, and I often laugh to hear, in the middle of Paris, and in the very ears of the best French sculptors, the epithet of celebrated given, lavished on sorry stone masons, all whose merit lies in bearing an ultramontane name; and to see brought, at a great expense, for decorating the cabinets of some pretended amateurs, the mishapen productions wrought by Italian chisels, and which the most unskilful pupil of the French sculptors would blush to own, and still more to exhibit.

“ Independently of the admirable gallery of which I have spoken to thee farther back, there is another in the same palace, not so long, but equally magnificent, which is called, the Gallery of Apollo. Hitherto, the

G

latter has served only for the exhibition of drawings. These drawings flatter less the curiosity of the public, but they are dear to men of genius, being almost always the first thought of the greatest masters, they are, as it were, the flash, the electric spark, which the first idea of a subject has suddenly caused to be emitted from their brain. This gallery is a great treasure. On the ground-floor, and beneath this gallery of Apollo, are seen the superb halls where are to be admired the master-pieces of ancient sculpture. Such, Giafar, is the aggregate of this immense monument of the arts. This monument is very fine, very astonishing, and worthy of admiration. I have already told thee so: it flatters their national pride; they are not to be blamed for this sentiment; it is the finest trophy of their victories.

"For twenty-five or thirty years past, the inspiration of nature, the progress of taste, the attention bestowed by enlightened travellers on the vestiges of antiquity, the discoveries made by searching the bowels of the earth, in short, that certain invisible power which gives birth to particular epochs for rendering nations illustrious, had given a great impulse to their genius for the arts. The incredible collection of riches which this Museum has all at once presented to their view has considerably increased this impulse. Formerly, they sent their pupils to study in Italy. In order to judge of their progress, it was required that they should thence bring back copies of some pictures. Fatal prejudice! dangerous habit! in the arts, to copy is to condemn students to mediocrity. They must see and imbibe great ideas:—invent, and thou shalt live. They persist, however, in still sending their young men to Rome. But may they understand me! Let them copy no more. Let them enjoy the climate, the sites, and the air; let them survey the ruins of temples and palaces; let them penetrate themselves with every thing noble that such enjoyment and such contemplation can inspire;—but let them never copy; then they will be artists. I think that this truth begins to strike them. I observe here their most celebrated masters: I never surprise them in this Museum with a

pencil in their hand; yet they come hither; they walk about, stop, look in silence, and retire. When they withdraw, their head is loaded with divine spoils; for their step is religiously solemn.

"However, to see that crowd of men, surrounded by pencils and pallets, chained all day to those numerous easels scattered throughout this gallery, the superficial observer would imagine that all these people devote themselves to the study of painting. This is an error: they are workmen, more or less skilful; that is all. They are makers of copies; some indifferent, which they sell for a little money—well and good; others, very fine, which are resold in foreign countries as originals—this is a great evil.

"This fine Museum is open on certain days to the curiosity of the people: this is very well; it is a homage to their majesty. But the people should pay homage for homage. From the manner in which they present themselves here sometimes, it is easy to discover that, if the arts feel the dignity of the people, the people feel not always the dignity of the arts. This publicity is frequently no more than prostitution. This Museum is the property of the people—agreed; but it is the property of their greatness. They are not sufficiently taught, methinks, that when they penetrate into a public establishment, they appear before their power. What does the Museum recal to their mind?—The glory and the blood of their fathers. If they visited their graves, would they not approach them with a meditative countenance? Why do they lay it aside in surveying places where their immortality is written on all the walls?

"The French are really proud of this sublime monument. But how can so much indifference be allied to that noble pride? O Giafar! thou who, perhaps, at the very moment when I am writing to thee, standing motionless and pensive on the ruins of Alexandria, art seeking with an afflicted eye the place where rose that monument so dear to the pride of the Ptolemies, that vast repository of the understanding of the past and of the hope of the future—thou who, no doubt, dost curse the barbarous element whose fury devoured so many

riches—wouldst thou believe that these Frenchmen suffer, within a few paces of a monument whose loss would still be more irreparable, all the elements of combustion? Its north facade is separated only by a narrow street from wretched and filthy habitations, whose miserable, disgusting, and shapeless, aspect conceals on that side the beautiful prolongation of the architecture of this gallery. But this is little: what are, Giafar, the inhabitants of these houses?—Publicans, bakers, grocers, and oilmen; persons, in short, whose trade employs none but combustible matters, whose cellars, courts, and warehouses, are filled with liquors, faggots, brandy, and turpentine; what do I say? with a thousand ingredients which a spark might kindle, the conflagration of which would, in an instant, consume that heap of houses, almost all constructed of dry wood, and the flame of which, driven by the slightest wind from the north-west, north, or north-east, would, with the rapidity of lightning, clear a space of less than twenty feet, extending its spread, without any obstacle, over this gallery, the repository of so many riches, which all the treasures of the world would not suffice to pay for, and which all the talents of man would never succeed in replacing. And it is a monument to which the genius of so many ages brought its tribute; a monument, of which an account is due to all polished nations; a monument, the possession of which calls to France the curious persons from all parts of the world; renders, by its unheard-of magnificence, all countries tributary to the French, and occasions, perhaps, three millions of livres to be imported from foreign funds and thrown into circulation—that is thus left to the mercy of events! I confess that this reflection petrifies me, and that I do not conceive how it is possible, when men are so worthy of possessing this wonder without a parallel in the world, by their greatness, their power, their genius, and by that sublime elevation which victory, talents, understanding, and virtues, have given them over most other nations, should debase themselves by a shameful indifference which would scarcely be excused in the most barbarous hordes.

"But where am I? O happy day! day of supreme felicity! a letter from thee! Giafar in France! Giafar escorting my father! O my friends! O most beloved of my heart! I set off, I fly; I shall be at Marseilles before you have quitted its walls; and may joy not have cut short my days before I find myself in your arms."

VII *THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND; containing Familiar Instructions to the Loyal Volunteers, Yeomanry Corps, and Military Men in general, on the Preservation and Recovery of their Health; arranged under the following Heads: Preliminary Remarks, Wounds and other Casualties, Camps and Barracks, Cleanliness, Exercise, Military Dress, Weather, Diet and Cookery, Intemperance, Prevention of Diseases, Hospitals and Nursing, Appendix and Additions: with a prefatory Address to Commanding Officers. By WILLIAM BLAIR, A. M. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. A new Edition, considerably enlarged, and illustrated by eight Engravings. 12mo. 300 pages, 5s. or 5l. for 25 Copies. Murray.*

THIS volume, peculiarly useful at this crisis, we think it our duty merely to announce—its copious title page explains itself.

VIII. SWIFTIANA. Foolsap 8vo. 2 volumes, 200 pages each, 10s. Phillips.

THIS is a collection of amusing anecdotes relative to Swift, many of which have been long in circulation, and others are here added, which lay claim to originality. The sketch of his life neatly epitomises his biography. The two vignettes represent the head of Swift, and a view of St. Patrick's Deanery.



IX. **SENECA'S MORALS**; *by way of Abstract: to which is added, a Discourse, under the Title of an Afterthought.* By SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, KNT. *A new Edition.* 12mo. 590 pages, 6s. Hurst.

THE variety and importance of Seneca's Morals, have rendered the work well known. We shall then only add the Advertisement, by which this neat and accurate edition is introduced.

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"In this enlightened age, when every day brings forth something new on the subject of education and morality, it is matter of considerable surprise, that writings of such intrinsic value as the present should so long have lain dormant. The talents of Seneca were justly estimated by his contemporaries, and long after his decease; and as modern times cannot boast of similar works of superior merit, the proprietors, anxious to restore to society every thing valuable and essential to the interests of the present generation, have been induced to bring forward a *new*, being the *sixteenth*, edition of Seneca's Morals, differing only from the former editions in some arrangements relative to the typographic department, particularly in affixing to the head of each page a new title, which, they trust, will be considered not only as a matter of improvement, but of utility; as the head-lines will, in a great measure, guide the reader in finding out whatever subject he may want. How far they have claim to the encouragement of an impartial, but indulgent public, the success of the present edition can alone determine; but they presume, in bringing forward a work, printed in a size the most convenient to readers in general, and calculated not only to "raise the genius," but, "to mend the heart," they will contribute much to the entertainment and improvement of the gentleman, the man of letters, and youth in particular.\* Impressed with

\* "This edition is expressly intended for the younger branches of society, and for the use of schools, and seminaries of education in general. There is another

this idea, they offer this edition, with some degree of confidence, to the attention of the public."

Seneca, we all know, was put to death by Nero, the most cruel and tyrannical of the Roman emperors; but his works will live for ever!

X. **THE REVOLUTIONARY PLUTARCH**: *exhibiting the most distinguished Characters, literary, military, and political, in the recent Annals of the French Republic; the greater part from the original Information of a Gentleman, Resident at Paris: to which, as an Appendix, is reprinted entire, the celebrated Pamphlet of "Killing no Murder."* 2 volumes, 12mo. 380 pages each, 12s. Murray.

THIS work is introduced by the following singular Dedication:

To  
The Virtuous Shades  
Of  
Two departed Patriots,  
Louis XVI. and Edmund Burke,  
The following  
Pages are dedicated:  
Of whom,  
The one decorated a Throne,  
With all  
The rare and estimable Qualities of  
Private Life;  
Whilst  
The other, in a private Station,  
Possessed those Talents and Virtues  
Capable of  
Adding Lustre to a Throne.  
The first volume presents the lives  
of Moreau, Sieyès, Fouché, Barras,  
Rœderer, Volney, Pichegru, Riouffé,  
David, and Talleyrand. The second  
volume affords a sketch of the generals  
in the army of England, viz.—  
Soult, Dumas, Dufour, St. Hilaire,  
Loison, Van Damme, Augereau, Las-  
nes, Massena, Andreossy, and Bruix,  
together with the Buonaparte family.  
We transcribe, by way of specimen,  
the life of Talleyrand.

edition, printed in a still superior style, in two volumes, small octavo, intended as an elegant library book."



"Talleyrand is descended from the ancient sovereigns of the province of Peregord, in the south of France. His father, a younger brother, with a small fortune, destined his son, early in life, for the church; before twenty he possessed several rich abbeys, and before thirty was made bishop of Autun, much against the inclination of the virtuous Louis XVI. who had heard that the Abbé de Peregord was one of the most immoral, but insinuating *Roués* and libertines in France.

"When at college, Talleyrand shewed an early genius for intrigue, and a strong propensity to vice, and but for the defect of being lame, he would according to the wish of his governors, have disgraced the army, instead of scandalizing the church; because he always was as great a coward in his private quarrels, as daring when supported in his public plots; in fact, all his transactions since a minister, exhibit an ungenerous poltroon, backed by power.

"The Revolution found him a gamester, a debauchee, and a bankrupt, without honour, principles, or probity. He openly intrigued with a married lady; and her son by this catholic bishop was lately an aid de-camp to Louis Buonaparte.

"In 1789, when a member of the National Assembly, the gown of the bishop did not long conceal the modern philosopher and the fashionable atheist; he was one of the first traitors to his king, and the first apostate to his religion; he soon alike attacked the majesty of heaven and the majesty of the throne.

"The 2d of November, 1789, upon the motion of Talleyrand, the confiscation of the church property in France was decreed; and such is the incomprehensible will of Providence, that after years of wars, murders, and crimes, this same man has been lately the disposer of all the church property both in Germany and in Italy. This motion to dispose of the property of others, by a person who had no property but debts, may be considered as the cruel foundation in France of all the consequent confiscations and plunders, as well as the proscriptions of owners of estates, lands, or of money. It has caused the ruin and wretchedness of millions, but it has

enriched Talleyrand and his accomplices.

"In May 1790, he was one of the members of the Diplomatic Committee, headed by Mirabeau, upon whose report it was decreed by the National Assembly, and sanctioned by the king, that France renounced for ever all conquests. Since he has become a revolutionary minister, he has never concluded a treaty, or entered into any negotiations without aggrandizing the territory, or augmenting the power of France.

"In the same year, when a member of the Ecclesiastical Committee, he planned the intolerant and impolitic decree which made a distinction between a constitutional and a non-juring clergy, which has caused so many torments, dissensions, and civil wars, and which still continues to divide the Gallican church.

"Talleyrand was always the worthy friend of Mirabeau, who, in April 1791, resigned his guilty soul in the arms of this his guilty accomplice.

"In June, the same year, he was in the secret of La Fayette to betray his king into that improvident state (the journey to Varennes) which produced so many insults, humiliations, suspicions, and accusations; and which was the principal cause of all the subsequent sufferings of the king and his family.

"In the spring 1792, Talleyrand accompanied the French Minister Chauvelin to England. After the late constitution, he could not, for some years, occupy any public employment; but Chauvelin was only the nominal, and Talleyrand the real minister, and the inventor, author, promotor, and instigator of all the plots, intrigues, and conspiracies, in and against England that year.

"In 1793, Robespierre's faction caused a decree of outlawry to pass against Talleyrand: proscribed every where else, he enjoyed hospitality and protection in England; but in return he meditated new plots, and invented new projects to embroil or ruin this country, which was the cause of the order he received from government to leave it.

"In 1794, he went to America, because no state in Europe would re-

ceive him. In 1795, the National Convention annulled its decree of outlawry, and in 1796, he arrived at Hamburgh, where he resided some time before he returned to France. Gratitude was never amongst the virtues of this man: Hamburgh, for its hospitality, has since, by his orders, been several times laid under contributions, and he detests alike America and England; and their ruin is his incessant and daily contrivance and study.

"By his intrigues with his old accomplices, the Directors, Barras, Rewbel, and La Reveillere, he was, in 1797, promoted to the ministry of the foreign department in France. His negotiations this year, and in 1798 at Rastadt, prove his abilities to intrigue, to embroil, to divide, and to profit by his nefarious deeds.

"To tranquilize the jealousy of the Directory, and at the same time to employ and gratify the ambition of Buonaparte, he brought forward, in the autumn 1797, the old scheme of former French ministers—the conquest of Egypt; and his emissaries prepared the treason that delivered up Malta to Buonaparte, in June 1798.

"After the victory of Lord Nelson, at Abouker, Talleyrand became unpopular; and the issue, in 1799, of the Congress at Rastadt, and the unsuccessful campaign which followed, augmented the hatred of the Jacobin faction against him, and he was obliged to resign: such was, however, still his influence with the Directory, that he chose Rheinhard for his successor, a person whom he governed as much in 1799, as he had done Chauvelin in 1792, to whom this Rheinhard was then Secretary.

"When Buonaparte with such treachery had deserted his army in Egypt, Talleyrand and Sieyes prepared the revolution which seated him upon the throne of the Bourbons. No sooner was the Corsican proclaimed First Consul, than he reinstated Talleyrand in his former place as minister.

"In the beginning of 1800, by promises, bribes, and negotiations, Talleyrand pacified the Royalists of La Vendee, and afterwards, by treachery, delivered them up to arrest, transportation, and death.

"The treaties of Luneville, of Amiens, and of Ratisbon, Talleyrand calls his political chef d'œuvres, or master-pieces: time will soon discover if these two treaties will not follow the fate of the third, already made impracticable by French encroachment, intrigues, pretensions, and insolence.

"When a bishop, Talleyrand was a jobber: since he possesses the key to all the political transactions which so much influence the finances of all countries, his speculations in different funds have procured him a fortune greater than he dares to acknowledge, or Buonaparte suspects. This fortune has been considerably augmented by his many negotiations, in particular those about the throne in Tuscany, the indemnities in Germany, and Louisiana in America.

"Because the former kings of France, Louis XIII. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. made their ministers, Richelieu, Mazarine, and Fleury, cardinals; Buonaparte proposed to Talleyrand, in 1802, to procure him the same dignity. Talleyrand had, however, given his promise to marry his former mistress, the divorced wife of a Mr. Grand; when, therefore, this proposal was made, he cunningly answered, that those cardinals were prime ministers, that the great Henry IV. had no cardinal for a minister, but a friend in his minister Sully. The same day he obtained the consular permission to marry Madame Grand.

"From debauchery, intemperance, and gluttony, Talleyrand's constitution is entirely broken, and his health destroyed; and the invalid suffers daily for the excesses and the vices of which he has been guilty.

"Talleyrand's inveteracy against England is proverbial; but it does not originate from the love of his own country, but from envy to the prosperity of England. He would willingly sign the ruin of France, was he certain that of England should follow.

"Of Talleyrand's hatred towards this country, and of the plans and plots of Buonaparte, during a peace, to prepare the ruin of the British

• An idea may be formed of his fortune, when, for that transaction alone, he received one million livres.

empire, if any proofs are required, the following extract from a memorial presented to the Chief Consul by Talleyrand, on the 13th Frimaire, year xi, or December 4th, 1802, must remove the doubts, even of the most prejudiced, in favour of the republican ruler and his republican minister:

"Talleyrand begins by telling the Chief Consul, that the present memorial is merely a copy of one presented to the ministers of Louis XV. after the peace of Aix la-Chapelle, to dissuade them from that fatal and dishonourable war to France, which ended in 1762. He says, 'by the ignorance of the ministers, the bribes of Austria, the intrigues of Bernis, the influence of Pompadour, and the weakness of Louis XV. those strong reasons for peace were not listened to; the consequence is known, but it is not known that this impolitic war alone prevented the total ruin of England during the following, or American war, and preserved that country from being what, if we are prudent, it sooner or later must be, an invaluable naval and military station of France, and which shall secure us the empire of the world.'

"Talleyrand then enters into the particulars of the many and irresistible means France, during the peace, possesses 'to foment troubles, to spread discontent, to tarnish the honour, to undermine the resources, to weaken the strength, to lull asleep the public spirit, and to cool the patriotism of the inhabitants of the British empire; and by a gradual train of intrigues, insults, demands, insurrections, vexations, murmurs, alarms, and bankruptcy, prepare even the warmest English patriot to see with indifference, if not with approbation, an union with France, which will put an end to all difficulties, and procure Englishmen the same tranquillity, honour, and happiness Frenchmen enjoy under the mild, but firm government of the Chief Consul.

"But," says he, 'powerful as France is upon the Continent by its conquests, by its influence, by the vigour of its government, and by the victories of its armies; in regard to England, it is not in a better position of strength than in 1755, because, with the knowledge of our means,

and with the great abilities of our ruler, we are unable directly to injure England, our navy being more reduced, and our naval officers more ignorant than in 1755, but indirectly, and in a time of peace, to lay the infallible foundation for the future subjection of England, France at no former period had so many certain and undoubted underhand methods. A war at present may lessen, if not destroy them, but every year's continuance of peace will preserve, augment, and fix them.

"Ought we not to wait, at least ten years, before we renew the war with England? till we are in a condition effectually to support our claims, our views, and our plans? The English will do our business, if we permit them. Their religion is pleasure, and their pleasure debauchery. They have plunged themselves into an excess of luxury and intemperance. They have begun to neglect their navy, and to disband their artificers, who go to France, Spain, and Holland, for maintenance.

"While their individuals squander their riches, the State grows parsimonious, and begins to save in those articles on which it cannot be too profuse.

"They are even near reducing their trivial army, and their patriots speak of entrusting, what they call their liberty and property, to the valour of a militia. What a field is this for our policy? Is it our business to awaken or arouse them from their lethargy? If we do, the consequence is obvious—We teach them to believe a real truth, 'That they cannot strengthen themselves too much by sea or land.' Then an army ceases to be the object of public complaint, of public dislike—and the people begin to think that, as they must have one, it is better to have an army of English than of Frenchmen. Then their young nobility will continue to apply themselves to the military profession, and think themselves honoured by that profession, in which alone consist the defence and security of their country.

"This may be fatal to us, for the sooner we go to war, the sooner their effeminacy will wear off, and their ancient spirit and courage revive. They will not then become more

wealthy, but they will get more wisdom, which is better. The military virtues and the manly exercises may become fashionable, and the nation which now seems immersed in debauchery and corruption, may yet think seriously, and be once more what it has often been, the terror of Europe—This is not an unnatural supposition—they easily glide from one extreme to another—it is their natural temper, and their whole history is one continued proof of it.

“The ashes of La Vendee still smouldering—it requires only a spark to kindle a civil war in the bosom of our country. The returned emigrants are as yet quiet, but they have not forgot their former principles, and the wrongs they have suffered from the Revolution. Let not a new war give the Bourbons an opportunity to remind them of it. The most dangerous of the Bourbons reside in England; let not the renewal of a war permit England to use them, their name and influence, to trouble and invade France.

“We command at present all the Continental Powers; but we know they wear with disgust and complaint, the fetters we have imposed. Let not a war with England give them occasion to shake them off, and to command us in their turn.

“The general weakness and supineness that for ever attend immoderate wealth and luxury, hide from the English the knowledge of their own strength, real power, and true interest. Suffer them not to relapse into virtue and understanding. Plunge them not too deep into difficulties, and they will never emerge from folly into real wisdom.

“We have already insulated them from the Continental politics—Leave them in peace—and the insulation of their trade shall soon follow. We have already made them feared, envied, and hated every where on the Continent—Leave them in peace, and they shall soon be despised, neglected, and unprotected.

“Leave them in peace, and they will soon return to their amusements of elections, races, party, and faction—Leave them in peace, and their ministers must be directed by popular clamour, which we can always excite and encourage.—Leave them in peace,

and their navy will once more be laid up to rot, and their seamen and artificers once more turned over to us, to Spain, and to Holland!—Leave them in peace, and the greatest part of their army will soon be reduced, and the small remains will soon become a mere militia in pay.—Leave them in peace, and we shall not fear the defection of Russia or Prussia, or any of our present Allies, which otherwise would much hurt, and, perhaps, ruin our present system.—Leave them in peace, and they will never think of schemes for increasing their population, or for making every part of their dominion of real use to every other.—Leave them in peace, and most of their nobility and gentry will continue to squander away amongst us their great riches, and augment our resources, to enslave their country.—Leave them in peace, and before the year 25, France shall command the departments of the Thames, and of the Tweed, as it already does the departments of the Rhine, and of the Po.

“Pursue, Citizen Consul, this plan steadily, for ten or fifteen years, constantly directing the riches of the country to the raising a navy, equal or superior to England, and then, and not till then, shall we be able to strike the blow we have for above one hundred and fifty years been meditating, the Conquest of the British Islands.”

(Signed) C. M. TALLEYRAND.

“This memorial the author received from a friend at Paris, within three weeks of its presentation to Buonaparte; and though the *Moniteur* has mentioned it after its insertion in some of the English papers, its authenticity was never contradicted; on the contrary, one of Talleyrand's chief des bureaux, in the cabinet of Secret State Papers, was dismissed on the totally unfounded suspicion of having transmitted it to somebody in this country.

“Talleyrand has talents, and the Revolution, fortune, and circumstances, have procured him opportunities to exhibit them to the greatest advantage; under a regular government he would have been but an indifferent minister; under a revolutionary tyranny he is a great statesman and a political oracle; and those very vices which would have injured



him under the one, are the principal cause of his great success under the other. But an impartial posterity, without our passions and our interest, will place him in his true rank, in that of a traitor, a rebel, and an apostate." Vol. I.

**XI. SCENES OF YOUTH, or Rural Recollections; with other Poems. By WILLIAM HOLLOWAY. fcap. 8vo. 160 pages. 4s. Verner and Hood.**

THE first poem, from which the volume derives its title, extends through three books of some length; among many pleasing passages are the following lines, which introduce the subject.

"What various beauties, what unbounded charms,  
The still retreats of country-life afford,  
Though scorn'd by folly and pedantic pride,  
The muse, unwearied, ever joys to sing.  
Ye, who the clangors of the hostile strain  
Alone delight to hear, be far away;  
She has no charms for you: with heart elate,  
She hails the omens of reviving hope,  
To cheer a drooping land. Beneath the shade,  
Meek peace! of thy broad olive, kindly thrive  
The rural virtues, objects of her love,  
And ever favourite subjects of her song.

"I own I hate the brazen trump of war,  
Nor politics nor parties share my theme;  
Yet though, with bashful care, I turn aside  
To shun the jostle of the bustling crowd,  
In this eventful age, reputed wise,  
Enlightened, and I know not what beside—  
That laughs at all its ancestors admir'd,  
Simplicity, humanity, and truth,  
Virtue, and social order—O! 'tis hard  
To walk, of crooked politics secure,  
Unprejudic'd, unbias'd, or unaw'd!  
Parties, 'tis said, may serve the common-weal,  
May check, controul, and trace with jealous eye,

"\* Alluding to some hasty critical opinions with regard to the sentiment of the 'Peasant's Fate.'

VOL. III.

The various motions of the state machine;  
But ever, to the independent mind,  
Their tools are mean and despicable things!  
I never to a party yet subscrib'd,  
With easy faith, opinions still unfix'd;  
On either hand abuse, corruptions, wrongs,  
Alternate rise, and quash the rude resolve.

I hesitate, by turns, disgusted, pleas'd;  
Still wish to shun a party, as a fiend,  
And stand, in conscious rectitude, aloof.

"How much unlike the city's crowded scenes—  
The scenes of dissipation, guilt, and care,  
Where seldom sober meditation comes—  
Are those lov'd haunts which beck'ning mem'ry bids  
My willing heart retrace! How sweet  
To steal,  
From public tumult, to the grateful shades  
Where first young reason exercis'd her powers!" p. 6.

Edward and Joscilina, an eclogue, and the Adieu and Recal to Poetry, two interesting pieces, with Harvest-Morning, Woodbury-Hill, and the Expostulation to a Bird started in a favourite Walk, make up the remaining contents of the volume.

**XII. THE POETICAL REGISTER, and Repository of fugitive Poetry, for 1802. sm. 8vo. 450 pages. 9s. Rivingtons.**

THIS publication is made up of original and fugitive poetry by an uncommon variety of hands, and possessing, of course, a proportionable diversity of merit. We give the

"ORPHAN SAILOR-BOY.

By Edmund L. Swift, Esq.

1.

"Tom Haulyard was a seaman brave,  
Through life a gallant tar was he;  
His cradle was the rocking wave,  
His birth-right was the roaring sea.

2.

Twice thirty years Tom Haulyard fought  
So long, a spotless name he bore;  
Nor e'er the hardy veteran sought  
Retreat or rest on Britain's shore.

H

3.  
Three noble sons around him stood,  
In all the pride of strength and health;  
And, while each manly form he view'd,  
Kings might have envied Haulyard's  
wealth.

4.  
But Tom, his namesake, best he lov'd,  
My father was his eldest joy;  
Yet well a parent's fondness prov'd  
The love he bore each darling boy.

5.  
Now Britain's foes provok'd the war,  
And now their fleets usurp'd the tide;  
And hasten'd now each loyal tar  
To raise her standard's fearless pride.

6.  
Now, in the honor'd ship that bore  
The auspicious sign of Charlotte's  
name,  
Intrepid Howe, from Britain's shore,  
To meet the foes of Britain came.

7.  
Oh! peace be on the hallow'd tomb  
Of him who never knew to fear,  
And ever made his laurels bloom,  
Bedew'd with Britain's grateful tear!

8.  
And now advanc'd the daring foe,  
Even now each British heart beat  
high:—  
O God! how many wounds must flow,  
How many christian men must die!

9.  
The squadrons meet: the dread array  
Stands in a moment's awful pause—  
Our chief to glory leads the way,  
To glory gain'd in Britain's cause.

10.  
O Christ! it was a fearful sight  
To see the wounds that countless bled;  
But, oh! the horrors of the fight  
To tell, would wake the sleeping  
dead!

11.  
Among the rest, Tom Haulyard stood,  
Full six feet high the Veteran rose;  
A rock above the rolling flood,  
He hurl'd back ruin on his foes.

12.  
His gallant sons around him drew  
The terrors of the flashing sword;  
While hostile thunders thinn'd the crew,  
And slaughter swept the lessening  
board.

13.  
And now, alas! one death-wing'd ball  
On William's bosom urg'd its force;

Tom Haulyard saw his youngest fall,  
And rush'd to save his darling's corpse.

14.  
In either fleet, conflicting fires  
A thousand bloody deaths illume:—  
Huzza! huzza! the foe retires—  
But Henry meets his brother's doom!

15.  
Tom Haulyard was a seaman bold,  
Yet might he weep his children slain;  
Down his rough cheek the salt tear  
roll'd—  
But does not namesake Tom remain?

16.  
Ah, no! beneath the fatal stroke;  
I saw my gallant father fall!  
Then stood alone the aged oak,  
Stript of his youthful branches all.

17.  
Nor long he stood: one iron shower,  
The vengeance of the sinking foe,  
Burst forth in ruin's desperate hour:  
Tom Haulyard sunk beneath the blow.

18.  
He fell! and, striving hard with death,  
All bleeding, struggled to embrace  
His sons, to catch each parting breath,  
And, dying, kiss each pallid face.

19.  
Even now I hear the Veteran cry,  
'Oh, stay, your father with ye falls!  
In Britain's cause we nobly die,  
And who shall shrink when Britain  
calls?'

20.  
But oh, thou God, whose heavenly  
power  
Alike can succour and destroy,  
Receive us in this awful hour,  
And save, oh save! this orphan boy.

21.  
'My first-born's son!' Serene he smil'd  
To meet the death that dimm'd his  
eye;  
And his last prayer was, 'Save my  
child!'  
And his last word was, 'Victory!'

22.  
Oh! peace be on the hallow'd tomb  
Of them who never knew to fear;  
And ever may their laurels bloom,  
Bedew'd with Britain's grateful tear!

23.  
But, hapless me! Of all hereft,  
Of father, friends, of hope, and joy!  
So young, so lonely, am I left—  
Pity the Orphan Sailor Boy!

The volume closes with criticisms of poems, short, indeed, but useful to those who are not in the habit of reading periodical publications.

XIII. PUBLIC CHARACTERS of  
1803—1804. 10s. 6d. in boards.  
Phillips.

THIS sixth volume contains the lives of Thirty-six Public Characters, from which we shall extract the life of Dr. Knox, being a short piece of biography.

"VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

"This learned divine, whose rank in the republic of letters has long been pre-eminent, was born at Newington green, in Middlesex, about the year 1753. His father, the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, LL.B. a fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and a master of Merchant Taylors' school, was a respectable scholar, a truly worthy man, and in the exercise of his clerical functions, possessed the high esteem of several large congregations in London, who, for many years, enjoyed the advantage of his instruction. Mr. Knox died at the early age of forty-nine. His only son, the subject of this memoir, became a member of the college in which his father had preceded him, where he pursued his studies with successful diligence, and in due time was elected to a fellowship. He went through a course of reading, which comprehended all the best Greek and Roman classics, and imitated the style of each, in verse and prose, with great felicity. His early compositions in Latin were numerous, and much admired in the college for wit, humour, taste, and purity of diction. The president of St. John's, a man of considerable learning, Dr. Dennis, soon discovered in Mr. Knox those indications of superior genius which were hereafter to shed lustre upon his college. He took every occasion of encouraging him in his studious pursuits, and as a mark of honourable distinction, together with the other heads of houses, appointed him a speaker, with Mr. Bragge, the Earl of Dartmouth, Sir George Shuckburgh Evelyn, and others, at the Encomia, when Lord North first presided

in person as chancellor of Oxford. Upon that occasion it will be recollected by many, that Mr. Knox met with great applause, as well from the manner in which he delivered a copy of Latin verses, as from the merit of the verses themselves, which (contrary to what usually takes place) were known to be the speaker's composition. It was here that he gave an early specimen of those talents of elocution, that have gained him the reputation of one of the first pulpit orators of the age, and of that taste which has placed him among the most celebrated of our belles lettres writers. Before he left the university, and previous to his bachelor's degree, he composed several essays as college exercises, for the sake of improvement; and (as we are informed in the preface) when they accumulated to a number sufficient to make a volume, he debated a moment whether he should commit them to the flames, or send them (as a present) without a name to a London publisher. The last deliberation prevailed; the collection was transmitted to Mr. Edward Dilly, by whom the volume was published anonymously in 1777, under the title of "Essays, Moral and Literary," royal octavo. The success of this volume was great, but unquestionably not more than its desert. A second edition was soon called for, and the author was induced not only to add another volume, but also to prefix his name. These essays, written in a forcible and elegant style, formed on the finest models of ancient Greece and Rome, contain most valuable directions for the cultivation of the understanding, and the conduct of life. What serves also to recommend them still more to many, is the rich fund of classical and miscellaneous entertainment they afford. It is unnecessary to enter into a copious detail of the great merits of this work; the public opinion having been so decidedly expressed in its favour, that few books are more generally known and approved. The style is masterly, and if (sometimes) a little Johnsonian, yet an accurate judge will perceive that it has the nerve of Johnson without the pomposity. There is a happy mixture of the best style of our English writers with those of Plato, Xenophon, and Cicero, in whose writ-

ings the author appears to have been daily conversant during the most susceptible part of life. Notwithstanding the long interval that has elapsed since the first publication, and the consequent general diffusion of the essays, still the book circulates widely, and a large impression has lately been printed in three volumes 12mo. which completes the fifteenth edition. They have besides been reprinted in Ireland, and have gone through many editions in various European languages.

"From college, after having regularly taken the degrees of bachelor and master of arts, Mr. Knox was elected in the year 1778, master of Tunbridge school, over which seminary he continues to preside, and from which he has sent to various parts of the world many learned, virtuous, and highly esteemed members of society. About this time he married a lady, distinguished by her superior understanding and peculiar elegance of manners, the daughter of Mr. Miller, a surgeon of great respectability at Tunbridge, and thus vacated his fellowship at Oxford. His family consist of two sons and a daughter. His eldest son is a student of the Inner Temple, and will shortly be called to the bar; his younger is a member of Brazenose College, at present so famous for its well-regulated discipline. Shortly after his marriage he accepted the degree of doctor of divinity, conferred upon him by diploma from Philadelphia, without solicitation, in the handsomest manner, as a compliment for the benefit America had derived from his incomparable Essays, which were very popular there.

"Dr. Knox next appeared to the world as an author, by publishing his celebrated treatise on "Liberal Education;" a subject which, of course, must at this period have much engrossed his attention. It is not easy to determine whether this treatise or the Essays conferred most honour upon the author: its reception was equally favourable in this and in foreign countries. It is certain, however, that this truly excellent work displays a depth of learning, an ingenuity of argument, and a soundness of judgment, not equalled in any other work upon the exhausted subject of education.

"About the year 1787, Dr. Knox published a series of miscellaneous papers, under the title of "Winter Evenings," &c. three volumes octavo. They have gone through three editions; and though they have not experienced so universal a circulation as the two former productions of this author, they equally abound in fine writing and excellent moral instruction, and afford a richly diversified store of elegant entertainment.

"For the purpose of facilitating the education of youth, Dr. Knox has devoted much labour, and evinced considerable learning and judgment, in various books which he has edited for the use of school. Those who are engaged in conducting education have long wished for new impressions of several of those editions now out of print, particularly the Juvenal and Horace, which Dr. Knox published upon the expurgata plan; the advantages of which plan are ably detailed in the preface to Juvenal, which on several accounts is an interesting morceau. "The Elegant Extracts," in prose and verse; "Family Lectures; or, a Collection of Sermons," in two large volumes octavo; and "Elegant Epistles," though compilations merely, have nevertheless conferred no small credit upon the editor, for his judicious selection and arrangement, and for the extensive utility of his plan. The prefaces to the Extracts in verse and the second volume of the divinity Collection have been much admired.

"In his zeal to preserve subordination in England, on the downfall of the aristocracy in France, Dr. Knox published a work entitled "Personal Nobility," containing advice, in a series of letters, to a young nobleman on the conduct of his studies, and the best means of maintaining the dignity of his peerage. This work is written in the highest strain of nervous eloquence, and abounds in wise precepts.

"In 1793, an event occurred in the life of Dr. Knox which has been the subject of much misrepresentation. A sermon which he preached at Brighton, at a period when the country was in a general ferment in consequence of the French revolution, gave offence to some obscure persons, militia officers of inferior note, whose very names were not discovered, but



who, in a most unmanly way, shewed their resentment by making a riot at the theatre, to which the doctor had accompanied his lady and family of young children a few nights afterwards. The immediate subject of this celebrated sermon, as appears from a statement and some letters which he published from third persons who were present at it, among which is one from the late curate of Brighton, was, that 'offensive war is a high crime against humanity and christianity.' No allusion, it is stated by them, was made to the measures pursuing in this country. The sermon was certainly more in opposition to the spirit prevailing in France than here, notwithstanding at that period many in England were sanguine and sanguinary enough to hope to realize the march to Paris which the ministers then in power held out. It was agreed, however, on all hands, that a more eloquent discourse never was delivered from the pulpit, and indeed few have been so famous since the days of Dr. Sacheverel's.

"The good-natured contempt with which Dr. Knox treated this unpleasant business could only have proceeded from a great mind and a most amiable disposition. It justly excited general esteem. He followed up the subject of the sermon by giving to the world a translation of Erasmus's celebrated treatise upon war, '*Bellum dulce inexpertis*,' inserted among his adages. To Erasmus's excellent reasoning, he superadded the glowing language of his own eloquence. Critically considered, this is one of the best translations that has ever appeared; and, as an argument, it is unanswerable. The translator gave this tract the title of '*Antipolemus*.'

"From this period, Dr. Knox seems to have devoted his few leisure hours from his school to the more momentous branch of his profession, divinity. A volume of '*Sermons, upon Faith, Hope, and Charity*,' appeared in 1794: they display warm piety, are written in a style of most impressive exhortation, and have met, contrary to the usual fate of sermons of the present day, with a very favourable reception. His zeal for the established church, and his opinions upon the Trinity, which, consistently with his orthodox principles, he strenuously maintains, brought down upon him

the direct attacks of the most distinguished unitarians, and the insidious opposition of many members of the establishment, whose tenets upon this leading point in the articles of the church are heterodoxical.

"To stem the torrent of infidelity, much increased at this time by Mr. Paine's pernicious writings, Dr. Knox published '*Christian Philosophy*,' in two volumes 12mo, in 1796. This work, and the next and last we have to notice, prove the author to possess profound theological learning. Many of Paine's fallacies are completely exposed; but the doctrine, however, that it mainly supports has been the ground of much controversy on the part of the enemies and lukewarm friends of the establishment, though certainly most expressly founded on the articles and homilies of the church. The opposers of the doctrine of grace have not only to contend with our author, no inconsiderable adversary, but with the most judicious and orthodox writers of former times as well as of the present.

"'*Considerations on the Nature and Efficacy of the Lord's Supper*' was published in 1800. This excellent treatise has been equally well received with Dr. Knox's other theological writings. It proves, most ingeniously and learnedly, the important truth, that 'benefits are annexed to the reception of the eucharist,' in opposition to the opinions advanced on this subject by Bishops Hoadley and Pearce, Drs. Sykes, Baiguy, and Bell.

"The reader will, at the close of our account of this celebrated scholar and divine, expect a list of the benefices and dignities he holds as retributions for these various and highly useful labours in the service of the public we have thus cursorily enumerated; but he will be affected, equally with surprise and regret, to learn, that this steady defender of the church establishment, this able and strenuous advocate in the cause of religion, virtue, social order, civil government, learning, and every thing that renders life amiable or valuable, has never had any preferment bestowed upon him except the curacy of a little village, if it may be called preferment, which he has constantly supplied for a pittance ever since he was ordained by bishop Lowth, at Christ Church, in Oxford, about 1777!

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